

MISCELLANY POEMS

By Way of

LETTERS

T O

Several Eminent P E R S O N S.

By the Reverend WILLIAM BEWICK, B. A.



NEWCASTLE upon TYNE:

Printed for the Author, by *Tbo. Middleton*, at the
Printing-Office in *St. Nicholas' Church-Yard*,

MDCCLII.

MISCELLANY POEMS

LETTERS

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE POEMS



143
7. 123.



To the Honourable
THOMAS FEKYL, Esq;
At Hexham-Abbey,

THIS
VOLUME
OF
MISCELLANY POEMS

Is Dedicated by

His most obedient

Humble Servant,

W. B.

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HONOUR

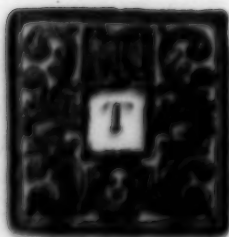
T O

CAIA,

I N

Eight LETTERS.

LETTER I.



HE trifling Manner and the Pedant's

Way,

When silly Rhymer knows not what

to say &

And

6 Miscellany Poems.

And his invoking of some simple Maid,
Some Sister of the Nine, to give him Aid :
Because the Practice is in solemn Use,
Must I be Lacquey, and invoke the Muse?
With humble Veneration and good Leave,
I want no Favour, no Assistance crave.
To great *Apollo*, with his Laurel-Brow,
Tho' he command me, will I never bow.
What, they, but Phantoms of an idle Brain?
They will not help us in the warbling Strain.
When in Romance *Soletta* you behold
Upon the *Dwina* imag'd forth in Gold,
The Splendor for her pleads, and says, Adore ;
But I remove me distant from the Shore.
In the dumb Show may *Harlequins* engage,
May *Andrews* bring forth *Mountebanks* to Sage,

Wich

Miscellany Poems. 7

With pleasant Entertainment for a while,
To make Mens Pockets empty with a Smile :
But I, conform to Practices and Shapes?
Not I indeed be any Jackanapes.
A Man of Honour values not a Pin
The growling Storms and Dangers he is in.
Firm as a Mountain, steddyy as a Rock,
Fix'd on his Base, he stands the threatning Shock.
The Mountains may remove, and Rocks give Place,
The swelling Surges dash him on the Face ;
But steddyy on the Sea, firm on the Land,
A Man of Honour still maintains his Stand.
Inspire me, *Honour*, you are every thing,
But *Caia*, you the *Honour* that I sing,
Descended from great *Honour*, such as true,
Conspicuous in the Branch we all allow.

Inspire

8 Miscellany Poems.

Inspire my Song, direct my wandring Line,
You more to me than all the Number Nine.
In Worth superior much, and much in Song,
A melting Voice, and the most charming Tongue:
Without the Foibles of your feeble Sex,
Calm in yourself, nor others will perplex.
With Virtues such as may high Birth adorn,
Inspiring mingling Virtues with you born.
But I must not displease you over much,
The greatest Worth still claims the gentlest Touch.



HONOUR



HONOUR

T O

C A I A.

L E T T E R II.

ALL human *Honour* from the King descends,
And is bestow'd on well deserving Friends.

Call not that *Honour* which the People give,

The empty Nothing for which many strive.

As silly Owls mistake the Day for Night,

They cannot well distinguish Black from White.

B

Unfully'd

10 Miscellany Poems.

Unfully'd Honour is a gallant Thing,
And from a grand Original does spring
On them that have advanc'd the Diadem,¹
Have conquer'd Countries, or have gain'd Esteem,
By noble Wounds and Scars, or purple Blood,
Or done great Service for the publick Good ;
On Men of Learning, and illustrious Parts,
For Science fam'd, and the ingenuous Arts,
For Actions done, or great Exploits atchiev'd,
From the Supreme their Honour is deriv'd ;
From hence illustrious Families are known,
And Coats of Arms in painted Scutcheons shown ;
And from the Herald's Office you may claim
The worthy Title, or conspicuous Name ;
From hence the *Griffins* and the *Lions* come,
The Royal *Eagles* of Imperial *Rome* ;

The

Miscellany Poems. 11

The savage *Goths* pitcht on the savage Bear,
The warlike *Thracians* on the God of War;
But their *De Lis*, converted from a Toad,
Assuming *France* pretends the Gift of God.
If you design for the conspicuous Lord,
With Merit you must join the noble Word;
But if sit down content with common State,
To be *Plebeian*, not affect the Great,
In wanton Pleasure and obnoxious Sloth,
Melt down the Time and spend your happy Youth.
Mis-name not *Honour* for some simple Blaze,
But what is fixed on the solid Base.
Exterior Splendor may affect your Eyes,
A little shine, but in the Twinkle dies.
The silly Herd may praise it for a Time,
But inward Worth compounds the true Sublime,



HONOUR

TO

CAIA.

LETTER III.

THE simple Tribe, the silly Female Crew,
Some of them hardly worth a * *Cardecu* ;
Because a little glarish, something fine,
And in the Damask, or the Persian, shine ;

Because

* A Sort of French Coin worth 18 d. Sterling.

Because they have a handsome * *Justacore*,
 The little Skits believe we must adore ;
 Not having one good Quality in them,
 To make them lovely, or to win Esteem ;
 For Velvet's all the Virtues that they have,
 The happy Man must be the Female's Slave.
 Thou decent Modesty, be thou our Guide,
 Without the Affectation of their Pride :
 Must we bow down and worship vain Attire?
 The Tissues and their Taffeties admire?
 They may be ornamental to the Great,
 But not becoming them of low Estate.
 When we superior to our Rank appear,
 We but disgrace the Habit that we wear.

External

* A Woman's Jacket,

14 Miscellany Poems.

External Splendor strikes the giddy Herd,
But nothing by the happy Wife admir'd.
The *Jewish* King when in his royal Robe,
The People shouted forth and cry'd, The God!
With suddain Admiration they were struck,
To see his Splendor and the Royal Look ;
The pictur'd Baby glitter'd in their Eyes,
The golden Image blush'd the azure Skies.
Thus shines the Jasper and the Saphir Stone,
So mighty *Herod* with full Lustre shone.
The rich Brocade, so lovely to the View,
Was wrought with all the Art that *Sidon* knew ;
But all his Vices artfully conceal'd,
And thro' the Glory and the Lustre veil'd.
You may serve up my Meat with pearly Shells,
With fairest Rubies set and nothing else ;

Should

Miscellany Poems. 15

Should I be waited on with *Moorish* Slaves,
Have every thing that wanton Nature craves;
With bowing Knees attending on my Nod,
Should I be worshipp'd as some Pagan God;
If I am but the Monster of Mankind,
Devour'd with thousand Tyrannies of Mind,
What signifies this Splendor unto me?
I am the wretched Slave, but you are free.



HONOUR



H O N O U R

T O

C A I A.

LETTER IV.

WE all court *Honour* with a wishful Mind,
Which from us flies like Sails before the
(Wind ;
With eager Zeal and Earnestness we strive,
And when a-wanting most uneasy live ;
We Grandeur wish, but know not what it is,
Pursue the empty Shade, and Substance miss :

For

Miscellany Poems. 17

For this we labour, and we stretch our Wit,
But much disgusted when we miss of it.
The silly Humour over Man presides,
And rides in Triumph like the swelling Tides ;
Thus feverish Spirits in some Bodies reign,
Disturb the Fancy, and distract the Brain ;
Thus Pagans do their Homage to the Sun,
The orient Idol they much dote upon ;
But when attractive, and most luring seems,
He does but scorch them with his burning Beams.
The Way to Grandeur is the steepy Road,
Ascend the Capitol and worship God.
You are mistaken when you think it lies
In luscious Pleasures, or in hateful Vice;
The truest Pleasure we on Earth can find,
Is inward Peace, and a contented Mind.

18 Miscellany Poems.

Put on your Mask, be cover'd with your Veil,
You cannot, if you would, your Crimes conceal ;
But are observ'd by penetrating Eyes,
And rattling Tongues will publish your Disguise.
When *Nero* ript the tender Mother's Womb ;
For hateful Sight of what was once his Tomb,
When he set tow'ring *Rome* in burning Flames,
And charg'd the horrid Fact with Christian Name
Tho' every Thing remote from common Sight,
The Tyrant joining with a fond Delight ;
Could he prevent the Ballads and the Songs,
And hinder People prattling with their Tongues ?
Tho' we should level Mountains with the Plains,
And build fair Castles where great *Neptune* reigns
Adorn the Land, and beautify the Shore,
With such as stand upon the Banks of *Loir* ;

What

What is this Splendor, unto us, that fades,
Since we must quickly to the *Stygian* Shades?



HONOUR

T O

CAIA.

LETTER V.

YOU are as great as any Man can be,
Supreme at Land, and Sov'reign on the Sea ;
The Royal Sceptre, and the Flaming Sword,
Is born before you by some noble Lord ;

C 2

The

The never dying Sounds of pompous Train,
With Acclamations loud proclaim your Reign;
On downy Sophas lolling at your Ease,
The People bowing, you do what ye please.
Imperious Master of the little Globe,
Created high Vicegerent of your God.
All emblem'd to you by the pointing Hand,
Stretch'd thro' the Cloud to shew your high Com-
mand.

Is this the Portrait of a happy King,
The lifeless Picture of a senseless Thing?
Is this the lovely Image you admire;
A silly Idol dress'd in vain Attire?
Such is the Royal Grandeur which you claim,
A sounding Nothing, and an empty Name.

What

Miscellany Poems. 21

What will this mighty Glitter you avail,
When o'er the *Stygian* Ferry you must fail?
Will you bribe *Pluto* and fair *Proserpine*
With *Tyrian* Purple, or the *Indian* Mine?
Will the impartial Destinies be brib'd
With silly Glitter and ignoble Pride?
The vain Applause of silly Sycophants
Is only for themselves, and outward Wants.
In Number of your Friends you vainly trust,
Of empty Titles and your Splendors boast.
Can they from your tormenting Conscience save,
Will splendid Titles keep you from the Grave?
Imagine Things should take another Turn,
By some unlucky Lot drawn from the Urn,
And you should tumble from the Airy Sky,
By some unhappy Cast of luckless Die;

At

22 Miscellany Poems.

At such a Time abandon'd by them all,
Some, peradventure, joy to see you fall.

When *Timon* flourish'd, *Timon* was ador'd,
Some call'd him Worshipful, some noble Lord:
Whatever *Timon* did was all approv'd,
And thro' all *Greece* was bounteous *Timon* lov'd;
But when his Fortune sunk, Demesnes were sold,
All Money gone and spent, and no more Gold,
None visited nor knock'd at *Timon's* Door,
They knew not *Timon* whom he fed before,



HONOUR



HONOUR

T O

CAIA.

LETTER VI.

THE *Honour* that is true lies in the Mind,
And in this narrow Circle seems confin'd;
With mingling Virtue for its happy Mate,
Lies not in splendid Pomp and grand Estate;
Is not in Riches, which are fleeting Things,
Nor in the pompous Majesty of Kings;

Consists

24 Miscellany Poems.

Consists not in fine Drefs and modish Shape,
Becoming Monkey or some *Guinea* Ape ;
Nor like *Bassora's* Lion prides in Strength,
With seemly Grandeur pawing out his Length ;
His little Jackal hunting every Day,
To bring the Monarch of the Wood his Prey.
The *Honour* that your Ancestry entails,
Pertains not to you where their Virtue fails ;
You lessen and degrade your Ancestors,
And forfeit all their noble Characters ;
You give your Scutcheons up, and Titles yield,
Which your great Ancestors with Lustre held.
If Rebel to your God and misbehave,
You are scarce equal to the Galley-Slave :
May Virtue be your Guide and happy Guard,
Which inward Comfort gives a sure Reward ;

Miscellany Poems. 27

On Airy Fancies fond Ambition tries,
But flutters with her Wings, and cannot rise;
Some Accident or other spoils the Train,
The Schemes we lay, the Whimfies of the Brain;
But granting to the Summit we attain,
We often tumble headlong on the Plain.
Thus *Syſipbus* his Stone did vex his Soul,
Which downwards fell as he did upwards roll.
But happy is the Man whom Virtue leads,
And to his Honour by his Worth succeeds:
A Worth which doth from heavenly Source derive,
The other any Civil State can give.
Some Civil Rights the Magistrate demands,
They have the current Stamp of Royal Hands;
But this their outward Pomp and Splendor gone,
The other rises as the orient Sun.

28 Miscellany Poems.

The Diamonds, by sparkling Beams in Night,
May be distinguish'd by their radaint Light;
But the external Splendor and the Mode
Not equals that which makes us like to God.

Andronicus and *Nero* were as high
As Height could carry, or their Thoughts could fly;
In an imperious Splendor few so great,
Their silly Vassals bowing at their Feet:
As glaring Meteors painted through the Clouds,
By Pagans worshipp'd for immortal Gods;
But when the People them for Tyrants knew,
And they were painted forth to public View,
By faithful Orators not to be brib'd,
And Censors past their Judgment on their Pride,
Their Lust, and Bestial Acts, with much Surprise,
And fairly open'd all the Peoples Eyes;

Their

Miscellany Poems. 25

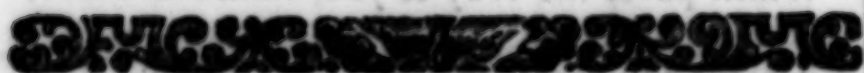
An upright Conscience be your only Rule,
And pilot forth the Vessel of your Soul ;
Which paves the Way to your immortal Fame,
And for you purchases the lasting Name ;
Rewarding well your Labour by your Gains,
The greatest Purchase for a little Pains.
When Pagan *Rome* was in her highest Grace,
She had the Christian, not the Pagan Face ;
Her Clemency and other Virtues strove,
To make her Empress and her Empire love ;
The *Roman* Eagles thro' all Countries flew,
And with an easy Conquest did subdue ;
She had her *Scipios* and her *Cæsars* then,
And many other mighty warlike Men :
But sunk in Vice, and into Factions broke,
This gave imperial *Rome* a mighty Shock ;

D

She

26 Miscellany Poems.

She dwindled into nothing by Degrees,
Just like her silly fudling Sister Greece.



H O N O U R

T O

C A I A.

L E T T E R VII.

WE all to *Honour* wishfully aspire,
To live in Pomp, and glitter in Attire ;
Contending much to reach the towry Hill,
And tyrannize with arbitrary Will.

On

Miscellany Poems. 31

Stern in Behaviour, with a gallant Mind,
In one thing faulty, To himself unkind;
To take away the Life which *Cæsar* spar'd,
In other things with *Cato* none compar'd;
Not any one so wise, not one so good,
The Senate lov'd him, and the People bow'd;
His Presence reverend, honour'd in his Name,
They all paid due Respect where *Cato* came;
From low Degree to a high Station rose,
And was a perfect Terror to his Foes;
By *Pompey* standing in the Civil War,
He for the publick Welfare did declare;
But when great *Cæsar* won the fatal Day,
And conquer'd *Rome* at black *Pharsalia*,
The *Roman* Hero would not be enslav'd,
And stabb'd himself whom *Cæsar* would have sav'd,

Thus

32 Miscellany Poems.

Thus mighty Heroes must desist to shine,
Thus from their Grandeur greatest States decline.
What signifies this Honour which we boast,
Which shines a little but is quickly lost?
Give me that Honour which is only true,
And has the everlasting State in view.
You of your splendid Pomp are vainly proud,
But nice Distinctions never made one good ;
You in your Scarlet, or your Purple, shine,
Without the Virtues of our *Constantine* :
When high enthron'd in his imperial Seat,
The Prince was humble, and this made him great ;
With humble Looks, abash'd, refus'd the Praise
Of every one that canted to his Face.
Thus with great Splendor proud *Caligula*,
In painted Vessel plow'd the stormy Sea ;

Miscellany Poems. 29

Their Guilt destroy'd whom Empire could not save,
And for a Throne found the ignoble Grave ;
The guilty one, to finish hateful Strife,
Assum'd his Sword, and put an End to Life :
And on the other the outrageous Crew,
Much like a Tempest, or a Whirlwind flew.



HONOUR



HONOUR

T O

C A I A.

LETTER VIII.

T RUE to his Charge, and faithful to his
Trust,

Kind to his Friend, in all his Actions just ;

The greatest and the best of ancient *Rome*,

Few equal, none superior in Renown ;

Stern

He had his Portico's and Bagnio's there,
 His sumptuous Dining-Rooms, with costly Fare ;
 The silken Sails with divers Colours shin'd,
 The Drums and Trumpets sounded when he din'd ;
 With Pearls the Poup was set and beautify'd,
 And grand, like *Neptune*, thro' the Sea did ride.



Miscellany Poems 33

He had his Portico and Bagnio, there
His numerous Elms, his Rooms, with costly Fire,

The Golden Sails with silver Colours shied,
The Downs and Transport loaded with his Goods;

When first the Fleet was set and bravely
And grand, like Neptune, then the Sea did rise.



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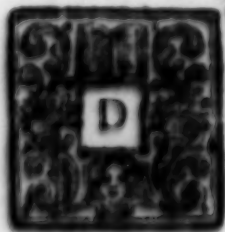


On the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of CRAWFORD,

And his VALOUR at the

Battle of GROTZKA.



Descended from a Family as good

As *Scotland* boasts, and from right an-
cient Blood :

You are the Ornament of all your Race,

The Splendor, and the Glory, and their Praise,

What Courage you have shewn, illustrious *Scot*!

In future Ages will not be forgot ;

J. A.

When

36 Miscellany Poems.

When wicked Infidels came crowding on,
With Horse-tails mov'd, and Crescents of the Moon;
With frightful Regiments of Foot and Horse,
In dreadful Numbers, and with mighty Force ;
With proud Bashaws, by *Sultan's* high Command,
With flaming Scymiters in nervous Hand,
In *Hungar* Plains against the Christian Host,
At *Grotzka*, when the fatal Day was lost,
You stood undaunted in the bloody Field,
Withstood their Fury, and disdain'd to yield ;
Amidst the Clouds of Smoke, when Bullets showr'd,
Amidst loud Thunders, when dread Canons roar'd,
You with a Courage like a *Lindsay* fought,
Shun'd not the Enemy, but Danger sought ;
Till crowding Numbers over-powering you,
And fainting with your Wounds, you weary grew ;

When

Miscellany Poems. 37

When wounded much, and ready to be kill'd,
Amids your Foes they forc'd you off the Field.

Who can the Hero blame, when he has done
His best, in Battle, and is left alone:

Whose noble Courage had sustain'd the Test,
By crowding Numbers of the Foe oppress'd,
Choak'd in his Blood, Wounds flaming in his
Breast.

Thus when the News came spreading through the
Main,

The dismal News of noble CRAWFORD slain.

When such unhappy Tidings touch'd our Ears,

How pallid were our Looks with sudden Fears.

How much did we suspect the doubtful Truth,

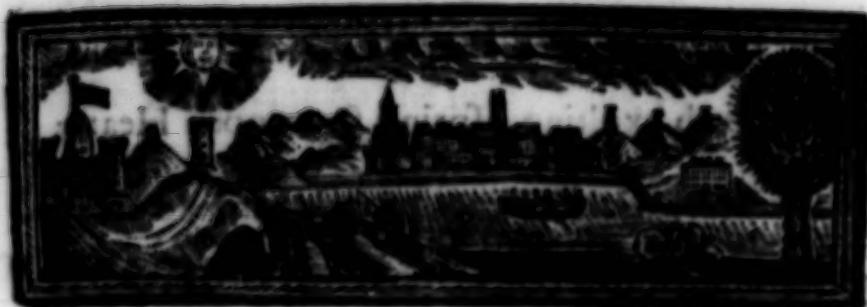
Believing we had lost the warlike Youth ;

Whose

38 Miscellany Poems.

Whose peerless Loss would *Britons* nearly touch,
The Loss of one whom *GEORGE* affects so much :
Which to his Country had much dearer been,
Than if a Thousand others had been slain.
But Providence the Wounded much did save,
And back again our noble *CRAWFORD* gave.
But not without returning deadly Blows,
And that with Justice on his wicked Foes.
Such was the Courage of our *British* Lord,
He pistol'd, or he cut them down with Sword :
And had but others equal Courage shown,
The Day, which fatal was, had been their own.





On the Incomparable

N I G E L L U S,

And his VALOUR shewn at the Taking

O F

GIBRALTAR.



AY I be never Sycophant in Tongue,

Nor celebrate with pimping, sawn-

ing Song ;

No pharisaic Temper ever mine,

But all the Actions of my Life divine ;

With

With justest Sentiments, devoid of Art,
And Truth exulting, spring from open Heart;
No worldly Gain corrupt or weigh me down,
No dazzling Splendor of a tottering Crown;
No arbitrary Will of Tyrant scare,
Be Heaven my Aim, and Duty all my Care;
May I look down with Pity and behold
The worldly Miser brooding on his Gold;
With manly Courage, and kind Heaven my Guide,
Cleave thro' the Billows, stem the raging Tide;
Depressing Vice, to Virtue Temples raise,
With equal Honour and her matchless Praise.
The Sycophant is Demon in Disguise,
Tho' seeming Angel to deluded Eyes;
To gaudy Rich and to the mighty Great,
That live with Fineness in the pompous State;

Miscellany Poems.

41

To Men of Honour on the highest Rank,
And the Luxuriant on the sunny Bank ;
To the Magnifico's, whom all adore,
The Sultans of the Age with Tyran-power ;
With large Attendants waiting on their Nods,
(Thus silly Pagans bow to Idol-Gods)
With formal Cringing may I never bow,
But give due Honour, and to *Cæsar* Due.

Ye happy Guardians of the sacred Spring,
May I of Virtue and Religion sing ;
The Subject is not trifling nor prophane,
Enrich my Fancy and exalt my Strain ;
The Subject such as you yourselves would choose,
The heavenly Subject well becomes a Muse ;

E

Enough

Enough the comic Muse has run us down,
Spoil'd all our Morals, and debauch'd the Town:
The Court with Operas and Masquerades,
Sent mournful Virtue to the silent Shades;
Our Doctrines been corrupted with Divines,
And from the Pulpit come seditious Lines;
But still some shining Virtues left behind,
Some Constellations of the happy Kind:
Of all the Virtues we are not bereft,
But still we have some good Examples left;
NIGELLUS pious, charitable, and good,
Commandant, sometimes, on the briny Flood,
Remains unsung, but he refuses Praise,
Deserving Garlands of the greenest Bays.
A Man of Honour values not Applause,
But stands on Tip-toes in a virtuous Cause;

The

Miscellany Poems. 43

The Poetasters of inferior Worth,
Diminish Praise and cannot set it forth;
Superior Subjects only should be sung
By some superior Genius, such as *Young*.
How oft have I beheld him bowing down,
With humble Knees before the heavenly Throne!
With Hands lift up to yonder Paradise,
The Place he aims at, and the only Prize,
With all the Ardors of an heaven-born Mind,
Such as we seldom see, will hardly find;
With such Devotion I was mainly struck,
My Soul all Horror, and myself Rebuke,
To be out-done and come so far behind,
With Grief I languish'd, and with Envy pin'd;
To view such Fervour, and my Zeal so faint,
Myself a Sinner, and in him all Saint.

44 Miscellany Poems.

Some little Spots are in the clearest Sun,
And Dross adheres to purest Metals run ;
But he's all spotless, for no Spot is seen,
But what is common to the best of Men.

Rome in Legends of happy Martyrs tells,
And glories much of Saints in cloister'd Cells,
But for Devotion regular and true,
Must yield to him the verdant Palm as due.
The celerbated, pious *Scipio*,
Would never to the *Roman* Senate go,
Concern himself in no Affairs of State,
At Council argue, nor in Court debate ;
Receive no formal Visits from his Friends,
In which some Grandeur of the Great depends ;
Assume the Purple, nor receive Commands,
Nor march the *Roman* Troops to foreign Lands ;

Miscellany Poems. 45

No worldly Business would set about,
(Akho' a Heathen he was so devout)
Before he in the Capitoll appear'd,
Done his Devotions, and the Gods rever'd;
Believing, rightly, only good Success
Depended on the Gods, if they should bless:
Instructed thus, and by wise Nature taught,
He for his Country and the Altars fought.

Two special Things aggrand the Character,
Religion and the noble Art of War;
In these two Things the Man that is complete,
Is eminently Good and truly Great.
In *Africa* much Glory *Scipio* gains,
And our *Nigellus* on *Iberia's* Plains;
In quest of Honour on the sun-burnt Shoar,
Commanded thither by the regal Power.

When

46 Miscellany Poems.

When thro' the floating Kingdoms swift he flew,
And Billows roll'd him, and the Tempests blew;
Before Death's Engines in the Field of Blood,
On burning Sands *Nigellus* firmly stood.
The Enemy, secure behind their Walls,
Hail'd Showers of Bullets, thunder'd with their
Balls;

Amids the Smoke and Fire he dauntless stands,
Intrepid animates the martial Bands,
Until with Wounds, of which some Marks remain,
The happy Ensigns of a blissful Reign,
He mournful fell, and bowing down his Head,
Was reckon'd in the Number of the Dead.
The mournful News to heavenly Regions fly,
And all exclaim, *NIGELLUS* must not die.

Forthwith

Miscellany Poems. 47

Forthwith commanded by the heavenly King,
A Guard of Angels comes with speedy Wing,
And rescues him from his approaching Death,
When just expiring with a panting Breath.
Defended thus by some most mighty Hand,
As this was done for no sinister End ;
Where no Ingredient could Affection move,
But certain Favour and the Height of Love.
What Man would not admire such Kindness shewn,
And such a one for his great Patron own.
Defended thus with Worship such as due,
Who would not to his great Redeemer bow?
With Death encircl'd amidst Smoke and Fire,
NIGELLUS wounded, ready to expire ;
Defended thus will worship all his Days,
And hymn his great Redeemer with his Praise.

With

48 Miscellany Poems.

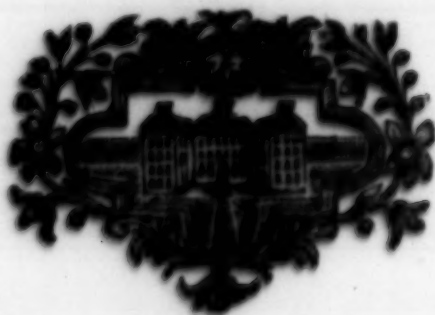
With richest Blessings may his Life be long,
Before he triumph in immortal Song;
May it be late before he sit enthron'd,
And with the Diadem of Glory crown'd:
The best of Christians, and the truest Friend,
Whom none can love enough, and none too much
commend.



2

THE
SPANISH WAR,
In Several
LETTERS,
To Mr. R. E.

By the Rev. WILLIAM BEWICK, B. A.



NEWCASTLE upon TYNE:

Printed, for the Author, by *Tho. Middleton* in St.
Nicholas' Church-Yard. 1741.

THE
SPANISH WAR
IN SEVERAL
LETTERS
TO MR. E.



43.
7 . 6.
124.

To the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

And WORSHIPFUL

**The Mayor, the Recorder,
the Aldermen, the Sheriff,
and the Common-Council,
of the Town and County**

OF

NEWCASTLE upon TYNE,

THE

SPANISH WAR

Is most humbly Dedicated by

W. B.

To the Right Worshipful

And Worshipful

The Mayor, the Recorder,
the Aldermen, the Sheriff,
and the Common-Council,
of the Town and County

WELLES upon Tynes

SPANISH WAR

Printed and Published by

W. B.



THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER I.



WHEN wicked *Janizaries* dis-
prove

Their Sultan's Life, the Sultan
bribes their Love ;

Each Jackanapes must golden Purses have,

Thus the *Grand Seignour's* but the Subject's Slave ;

The *Arab* seizes on the Caravan,

Tho' *Arab* be himself a *Musselman* ;

Unless

6 Miscellany Poems.

Unless he customary Tribute pay,

The *Arab* makes the Caravan his Prey:

Thus notwithstanding all his mighty Boast,

The haughty Man stands in a slipp'ry Post.

Our Princes falling-out, the mighty Dons
Decide their hot Disputes with roaring Guns;

Superior in themselves to foreign Laws,

Such dreadful Instruments must end the Cause.

A Cause is now disputed on the Main,

Saint *George* for *England*, and Saint *James* for *Spain*;

Saint *Sabra* that was once as good a Maid

As any Vestal *Rome* has ever had,

If *Umpire* chose, would for her Husband stand,

And give her mighty *George* the upper-hand;

Saint *Andrew* and Saint *Patrick* both decide,

And firmly stand on mighty *George's* Side.

Miscellany Poems.

7

Fair *Gallia* boasting of her Politicks,
Of her great *Fleury* and his little Tricks ;
She trusting to her Numbers and her Wit,
While pausing on't may fall into the Pit.

A bloody War at present is begun,
And *Britain* or proud *Spain* must be undone ;
Nigellus goes, and we expected both,
I something old, but you a warlike Youth ;
But with the Mighty what do you and I,
But bravely fight, or far more bravely die ?

Dear *Bob*, if any aim at my poor Pate,
Be sure to knock them down at any Rate ;
Such cruel Villains should no Pity find,
They are the great Destroyers of Mankind.

A

8 Miscellany Poems.

A civic Crown old *Rome* did once ordain,
But they the mighty Honour to obtain,
That freely ventur'd in the martial Field,
And sav'd a *Denizen* from being kill'd ;
As great an Honour needs must you attend,
Preserving me, bold *Briton*, and your Friend.



THE



THE
SPANISH WAR,
To Mr. R. E.

LETTER II.

SURVEY the Globe, and sail the Compass
round,

No Country like *Great-Britain* will be found,

For Men undaunted in the Field of War,

For Women fair as the bright Morning-Star;

For Mountains and the sweetest chrystal Springs;

For shady Groves, and Lawns, and other Things;

B

Where

Where steepy Hills from every Foe secure,
Such *Pentland* is, or rather *Penman-Maur*;
The Valleys most delightful to be seen,
Smooth as the Glass, or as our Bowling-Green:
Such thine sweet *Murray*, and fair *Escham* thine,
With bleating Flocks of Sheep and lowing Kine;
Where fertile Fields and fatning Pastures are,
And happy Swains live void of other Care;
In Harvest to the Scythe and Sickle bow,
And in the Winter-Season drive the Plow:
Her floating Vessels in deep Channels ride,
The noble Rivers swell with foaming Pride,
Lave the proud Bank and dash the sedge Side.
Of which among the chief is royal *Thames*,
And you great *Severn* with your Silver Streams;

Miscellany Poems.

I I

A happy People in a blisful Land,

And with great *Neptune* on the Sea command ;

All Nations trembling to our Fleet bow down,

And to our royal Flag an Homage own ;

No Tyrants reign but happy Monarchs rule,

By Law they govern, we by Law controul ;

The Rich in Ermins drest do what they please,

On *Kitty Waichs* feed and *Solan* Geese.

The Tavern of *Pontac* is out of Date,

And common Inns afford at cheaper Rate,

Much better Liquor and more wholesome Meat ;

On Ham and Chickens we at *Hill's* can dine

Ten times as cheap, and have a richer Wine ;

Of finest Fowl and Venison we boast,

On Beef and Mutton which they boil and roast,

The common People live at easy Cost ;

Our *Britons* live according to their Wish,
They have the noblest Fowl and very best of Fish.
Old *Rome* had Kings and Princes for their Guests,
And for their Feasts fetch'd Parrots from their Nests;
Their Entertainments were the rich Remains
Of Peacocks Heads and pretty Parrots Brains;
Hortensius was the first brought Parrots in,
And many others copy'd after him:
Great were the Dainties of the *Roman* Meal,
But much inferior to our *Essex* Veal;
For Nightingales they ransack'd shady Groves,
And from their Provinces brought Turtle-Doves;
They search'd for Ostriches in sinking Sands,
And Phenicopters brought from distant Lands;
Luxurious were their Feasts and something odd,
And the great *Roman* turn'd a Belly-God;

Miscellany Poems.

13

The Godwits, Larks, and Thrushes which we eat,
Are much more wholesome, and a better Meat ;
And the sweet *Wetbers* which from *Norfolk* come,
Exceed by far the Dainties of old *Rome*.



THE



THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER III.

NO greater Honour in the World can be,
Then dying fighting on the Land or Sea;
When for our Country or our King we die,
We only on the Bed of Honour lie;
How shall our Names in future Annals shine,
When we our Lives for these dear Things resign?
When for our Country we submit to Death,
And for our Monarch give our parting Breath?
Come then, dear *Ellrington*, let us shake Hands,
Since we must quickly visit *Spanish* Lands;

Miscellany Poems.

15

It may be we shall never come again,
And hungry Fishes eat us in the Main:
I do not fear the Inquisition's Rack,
And we may both at *Malaga* drink Sack;
Some handsome, wanton Nun may be our Lot,
And not in wicked Dungeon die and rot.
Great-Britain oftentimes has won the Day,
And with great Courage chas'd the Rogues away;
Oft *Gallia* beaten and her Kingdom won,
And on the Sea *Iberia* been undone.

Most noble *Windfor* is a valiant Man,
Nigellus fights, Duke *William* leads the Van;
Argyle remains, tho' he be something old,
And bravest *Lyndsey* as some Lion bold;
Sir *J*— will leave his Hunting on the Moors,
The *Russ* will send us twenty thousand Boors;

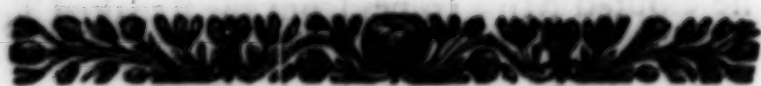
The

Miscellany Poems.

16

The *Campbels* join us with their Durks and Plads,
And with *Nigellus* go brave fighting Lads;
Scarce any thing remains for us to do,
But plunder and man on the fighting Crew.
What was it made the *Macedonian* Youth
Run thro' the *East* and conquer on the *South*?
Or fir'd so much great *Cæsar's* manly Soul,
And from the *West* fight down the *Northern* Pole?
Immortal Fame and Honour was their Guide,
True Valour unacquainted with much Pride;
To Foes submitting they were truly brave,
And gave back Kingdoms which they could not save.
Thus *Kouli Kan* subduing the *Mogul*,
Show'd the true Hero with a noble Soul;
For when he saw the great Man kneeling down,
He bid him rise and take again his Crown.

T H E



THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER IV.

THE *Spaniard* lives on Onions, Leaks, and
Sprouts,

On Olios, Sallads, and his poor Cibbouts;

We have but little use and need of them,

Our Dairies furnish us with Curds and Cream;

With Butter such as Kings themselves would chuse,

And better then what *Hogan Mogans* use;

We have some Cheese as good as *Parmezan*,

Which crowns the Feast of every Gentleman;

C

The

The clouted Milk comes from the stroaked Teat,
Sweet as the fragrant Herbs the Cattle eat :
They use poor Wines as sour as Vinegar,
And much inferior to our good Small-Beer ;
They drink themselves the Dregs, and sell the rest,
They take our Money and give us the best ;
We drink like Fishes, and we eat like Lords,
And nought but Plenty crowns our sumptuous
Boards :

They live like *Turks* on Pilau or their Rice,
In use with us, but much enrich'd with Spice ;
On reptile Snails they make their best Repasts,
At solemn Festivals or solemn Fasts ;
Preserv'd with sweetest Herbs for *Lenten* Store,
By poor Capuchins in *Esragmatore* :

We

Miscellany Poems. 19

We feed on good fat Beef and Mutton-Stakes,
The Rich on Puffins, Bernacles, and Clakes :
In shady Groves we have our Nightingales,
For Entertainments, Pheasants and our Quails ;
Upon our Mountain Tops the quirring Cocks,
The towring Eagles in the Clefts of Rocks ;
The gagling Wildgeese and the Hell-drakes fly
From Sea to Sea, and wander thro' the Sky ;
Our Ponds and Rivers furnish us with Fish,
May serve the greatest Monarch for a Dish :
We have a Kind of Dainties from a Mere,
But hardly met with any other where,
In *Wenander* a Fish, the noble *Cbarr*,
Exceeding other foreign Dainties far :
In our great Rivers in our Seas and Bays,
The noblest Fish, the *Salmon* jumps and plays ;

A luscious Morsel and a dainty Bit,
But apt to surfeit with much eating it ;
Of which in *Northern* Seas such Swarms abound,
As in no other Country can be found,
The greatest Dainty in the Universe,
And for Diversion hunted down with Spears ;
They come so near the Shore and sandy Beach,
The Men on Horseback with their Spears can reach,
And often kill such Numbers in a Day,
They heap them upon Heaps like Stacks of Hay.





THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER V.

WE Orange-Puddings have and Pasty-Pies,
Two great Endearments for the Fool and
Wife;

With richest Sago Soups and Gelly Broths,
Which nurse the old Men, and enflame the Youths,
The Turkey-Cock, the Capon, and the Hen,
Are Entertainments for our Gentlemen;
In Summer-time Curlicus are welcome Guests,
The Plovers, Snipes, and Woodcocks grace our
Feasts;

At

At every Tavern-Door, in every Street
In *London*, Oysters coming from *Wainfleet* ;
The fairest Lobsters to our Tables come,
And shew their red Coats in the Dining-Room ;
We have our Mackrel-Boats with Loads of Fish,
Which in their Season is a dainty Dish ;
The little Fortune-tellers of the Spring,
The Swallows coming joyful Tidings bring ;
In Autumn they to warmer *Afric* go,
And leave us to cold Winter and the Snow ;
But with swift Wing come flying o're the Main,
And with themselves bring pleasant Spring again :
We have indeed some wicked, graceless Fowls,
Devouring Harriers and the useless Owls ;
But they in Number few may be allow'd,
For others numberless and mighty good ;

With

With which the Rich indulge at wanton Ease,
Which mitred Heads and mighty Monarchs please;
We have Pomanders and the noble Quince,
Fit for the Table of the greatest Prince;
We have our Muscadines which we can show,
And for the Pipin *Kent* does them out-do;
The fairest Cherry-Trees which first did come,
And great *Lucullus* brought to ancient *Rome*:
If they have Figs and Raisins, so have we,
But wanting Sun, not ripe to that Degree;
In pleasant Gardens we have rich Parterres,
The fairest Flowers in the Universe;
With every Species of the noblest Plant,
Which other Nations fetch from the *Levant*;
On barren Mountains and the winding Shore,
Here the rich Geat, and there the precious Ore;

Geat!

Geat ! which by Ancients was accounted once
The richest and the best of Precious Stones :
In Bottom of our Seas the Coral grows,
By Nature Shrub, but, as the Osier, bows ;
But changing Element where it had Birth,
And in the Air, and on another Earth,
In Colour white, turns to the fairest Reed,
And no more like the Osier bows its Head,
Among our Rocks is found the Emeryl,
Which cuts the Glas in Figures as we will ;
The Glaziers use it with the utmost Care,
To cut their Glas in Diamond or Square ;
For every one should understand his Part,
And every Tradesman know the Tradesman's Art ;
The *Derby* Chrystals, and the *Bristol* Stones,
Are almost equal to some Diamonds :

Miscellany Poems. 25

In some great Rivers Muscles come in view,
Suck in the falling and the early Dew;
By which the precious Mother-Pearl is bred,
With which the inmost Shell is overlaid;
Which Country People gather on the Sands,
But trust too much in Lapidaries Hands;
They have but little Money for their Pains,
The Jewellers and others share the greatest Gains.



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T H E



THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER VI.

THE ancient *Britons* liv'd on Mossy Craggs,
Their chief Delight in hunting noble
Staggs;

Some in green Vallies dwelt in smoky Holes,
With their keen Arrows fetch'd down wand'ring
Fowls;

Some with their Angle-Rod, their Tawms, and
Hooks,

Fish'd in the silver Streams and purling Brooks;

Like

Miscellany Poems.

27

Like *Redbanks* some lay on their Hather-Beds,
And had no other Pillows for their Heads;
They lov'd to pitch the Bar, and heave the Stone,
And thought it Honour lost to be out-done;
Lov'd much the Sound of Trumper and the Drum,
And shouted when the joyful War begun;
Large bon'd, clean limb'd, their Sinews soundly
 brac'd,
And were not with much Luxury debas'd;
By warlike *Romans* held in great Esteem,
And at the Siege of fair *Jerusalem*;
Men made for War by manly Exercise,
In Diet sober, temperate, and wise;
Fed not on Cocks and Capons, Hens and Geese,
But liv'd on Butter, sweetest Milk, and Cheese;
They Poultry fed, but Pleasure was their Aim,
And kept the Fighting-Cock for noble Game;

28 Miscellany Poems.

They drank pure Water streaming down the Rocks,
And followed Lambkins with their bleating Flocks:
Such were our Ancestors in Days of Yore,
Now alter'd much from what they were before !
United Kingdoms and Dominions great,
In distant Parts where we have fix'd a Seat ;
'The Empire of the Seas and other things,
Make our dread Monarch greatest of all Kings.
Between two warlike Nations no more Jarrs,
Great *Scotia* joins us in our foreign Wars ;
Fair *Edinburgh* the Splendor of their Land,
With our *Augusta* joins a loving Hand ;
The high exalted Structures of that Town,
Exceed for Glory all in Christendom ;
Where Swarms of mighty warlike People live,
As Honey making Insects in Beehive ;

The warlike Commons, and the noble States,
 The Lords of Sessions, and their Advocates:
 Our Neighbour *Gallia* may stand in Aw,
 And proud *Iberia* dread a distant Foe;
 Can they prevent our sailing on the Seas
 To do ourselves fair Justice when we please?
Gibraltar ours, well fortify'd and sure,
 We have an easy Entrance at that Door;
 And when we have a mind may them invade,
 Or with our Merchant-Ships drive on the richest
 Trade.





THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER VII.

WE think no more of Women nor our
Wives,

The heavy Burden of our present Lives ;
When you and I go to the *Spanish* Wars,
We are for lovely Wounds and noble Scars ;
The Winding-Sheet with Honour in the Grave,
Is better than to be a Woman's Slave :
Your rich *Porcella* and my fair *Boril*,
May lie alone, or take what Men they will ;

The

Miscellany Poems.

31

The Sex was always Changeling in their Mind,
And fickle as the Weather or the Wind;
They always have some Interest in view,
Some Booby that is rich, or sparkish Beau;
They love such courting and so much entreating,
And leave their better Loves for better eating:
But you and I, if once we come again,
Shall then despise them whom they now disdain.
The *Spanish* Donnas love great *Mars's* Sons,
And care not much for jealous pated Dons;
They spread their Faces with the Muslin Veil,
And coup them up like Pris'ners in a Jail;
But Birds in Cages love their Liberty,
And Women to be unconfin'd and free.
Themistocles attain'd the highest Rank,
And got his Honour fighting on a Plank;

He

He burnt the *Persian* Fleet or drove away,
At *Salamis* he won the glorious Day.
Nigellus always ready for the Seas,
(When it shall mighty *GEORGE*, the Monarch,
please;)
Expects us both to bear him Company,
No braver Man did ever sail the Sea;
The brave *Northumbers* wait to follow him,
And with him freely venture Neck and Limb;
Nigella, if she please, at Home may stay,
And for us and *Nigellus* fast and pray.
North-Britons with the Isles and *Orcades*,
Can raise a hundred thousand when they please;
The rich *Augusta* fifty thousand more,
Besides some thousands plying with the Oar:

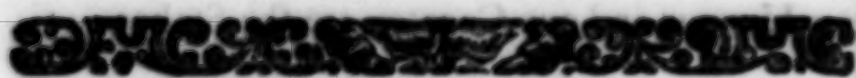
Miscellany Poems. 33

Our Honour and our Country are the Stakes,
The mighty Don for want of Courage quakes;
He now begins to see we do not joke,
Our Language Thundrings, Lightnings, and a
dreadful Smoke;
To gain the Land and Riches of *Peru*,
And other Parts, he twenty Millions slew:
We are not like poor *Indians* at their Nods,
They took the *Spanish* Guns for Christian Gods;
Our dreadful Guns like *Roman* Bulls can roar,
Can reach them on the Ocean, on the Shore.



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THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER VIII.

CAN *Saragossa*, where fair *Eber* runs,
 Or *Madrid*, where reside their chiefest Dons,
 For Men of Honour and of high Renown,
 Compare with *Edinburgh* that noble Town?
 Where the great Burghers noble, stout, and brave
 Deserve the mighty Honour which they have;
 Are much esteem'd where ever they resort,
 By every Prince in every foreign Court:
 Can *Eber* or their Rivers match the *Firth*,
 Which washes *Fife* and kindly visits *Leith*?

When

Miscellany Poems.

35

Where floating Vessels safe at Anchor ride,
And with their Canvass Wings fly down the Tide.
Is their *Escorial*, where their Kings resort,
Compar'd with *Windsor* or fair *Hampton-Court*?
Where mighty Princes of the Royal Line,
Where sweet *Amelia* and fair *Caroline*
Retreat for Pleasure to the cooler Groves,
Or sit with Grandeur in their rich Alcoves.
But, fair *Augusta*, what are they to you,
To whom the greatest Cities, Nations bow?
Where all the Treasures of the World unload,
In floating Vessels coming from Abroad;
Where mighty *GEORGE* commands with noble
Sway,
And willing Subjects chearfully obey,

E 2

Where

Where royal *Thames* her gentle Current pours
Beneath rich Palaces and shady Bowers ;
But sometimes swelling threatens to invade
The royal Edifice where Kings are laid ;
With her proud Billows over-topping Shores,
And like thy Cascades, *Schaffous* loudly roars :
The royal *Thames*, *Augusta's* greatest Pride,
Which into two the Fair-one does divide ;
On whose sweet Surface the fair Barges row
On solemn Days with grand magnific Show,
With silken Streamers glittering in Sun Beams,
And painted underneath her silver Streams,
With so much Pomp as never has been seen,
In Triumph led some King or royal Queen ;
Where free from needless superstitious Fears,
The royal Swan in splendid Albs appears,

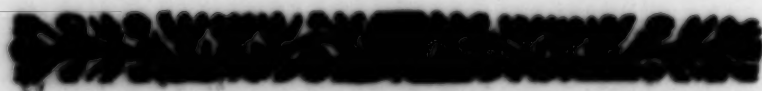
Miscellany Poems.

37

Feeds on the Bank, or in the Sedge and Laves,
With nimble Feet beneath the silver Waves;
Smooths the proud Billows with her snowy Breast,
Or high above exalts the noble Crest,
And seems with Pride her Empire to maintain,
And on the lovely *Thamesis* to reign.



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THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER IX.

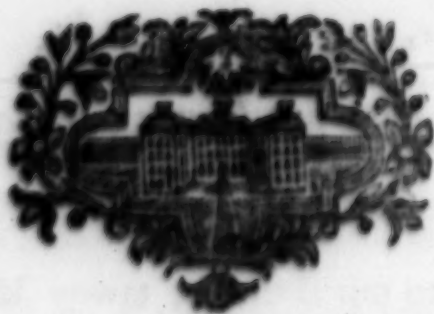
ONE Morning *Venus* rising from the Sea,
And dandling little *Cupid* on her Knee,
She bus'd the prattling Boy, and with a Smile,
‘ No more, *says she*, must *Cyprus* be our Isle;
‘ No more the darling Object of our Love,
‘ Nor we have Pleasure in the *Paphian* Grove;
‘ Much fairer *Albion* is which stands behind
‘ Yon candid Cliffs, and with the Sea is joyn'd.
‘ You are, dear Child, no limping *Vulcan's* Lad,
‘ No longer call the Simpleton your Dad;

Miscellany Poems. 39

- * The God of Day join'd me one Summer Morn,
- * And I conceiv'd of him, and you were born ;
- * There mighty *Mars* did often me embrace,
- * From him the warlike Sons derive their Race ;
- * From us the Nymphs their noble Pedigree,
- * But for their Beauty owe it all to me.
- * The Women here are greasy, ugly Toads,
- * Men black as Devils, and unlike the Gods :
- * *Britannia's* Nymphs all splendid to be seen,
- * And every one is fit to be a Queen ;
- * There greatest Beauties with most noble Port,
- * Appear like Gnomes and Angels at the Court ;
- * The Men and Women make a gallant Show,
- * There is good Sport for *Cupid* and his Bow :
- * Men smell of Brimstone here of *Sol's* burnt Race,
- * Like *Yack* with copper Nose and scarlet Face ;
- * The

- The Women black, unseemly to behold,
- Unlike to me as Ore to precious Gold ;
- In Shape so comely, and in Form divine,
- The beauteous Nymphs are all mark'd out for
mine ;
- In fair Ducapes, and rich Brocades of Gold,
- In Pinks and Purples lovely to behold ;
- With Pendants at their Ears and Precious Stones,
- With Margarits and costly Diamonds ;
- Carbuncles flaming on their auburn Locks,
- And Amethysts from *Ethiopian* Rocks ;
- Most precious golden Chains and Locketts deck
- The lilly, snowy, and the ivory Neck ;
- On their pinch'd Coifs and richest Tunicks seen,
- Pale-looking Onyxes and Smaragds green ;

- In richest Collets of their amber Rings,
- The Jasper, Turquoise, and such precious things:
- Such are the Nymphs and Ladies of the Sea,
- And which, my fair *Britannia*, dwell in thee;
- Of whom I glory, and may well be proud,
- They are so splendid, all so beautiful and good.



P

T H E



THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER X.

O UR Men are valiant, and our Women
fair,

Nor *Dons* with them nor *Donnas* can compare ;
Their Men but Cowards, if compar'd with ours,
The Women, to our Beauties, tawny *Moors* ;
Your fair *Porcella*, with bewitching Face,
Exceeds the *Gypsies* of the *Jewish* Race ;
But then *Beril*, most lovely in her Crape,
Excels for slender Waist and finest Shape ;

Miscellany Poems. 43

My *quondam*, lovely Mrs. *Gullivere*,
With Thousands would out-vie a Countess there:
We have some Coquets fain would Fortunes make,
But little Tricks, at present, will not take.
Nigella's mighty pious, *Caia* grave,
Whartona with a Leer makes every one her Slave;
Some fancy *Bella* for most beautiful,
But certainly a kind and generous Soul;
Kirfopa's kind, whom every one commends,
For courteous Entertainment of her Friends;
*** with much Pride, but little Sense,
Would gladly of the Beauties one commence;
Salmona has the sweetest Frame of Mind,
But trusts too much the Villains of our Kind;
Alicia, well deserving, fain would wed,
But thinks a Gentleman must warm her Bed;

Fair *Pancala*, by Nature richly blest,
For Beauty, Fortune, Youth, out-tops the rest:
Men unconcern'd with Jealousy of Mind,
Our Women take their Pleasure unconfin'd ;
They strut with Silks and Sattins to the Park,
With any loving Friend or handsome Spark ;
They coach to Balls, to Plays, to Masquerades,
Without their watchful Spies and prattling

Maids :

Did *Donna* thus, it would much Mischief breed,
And the poor *Don* would have an aking Head:
But tho' our Women are not so demure,
They are more virtuous then their tawny *Moor* ;
The other acts the Saint with much Disguise,
But it is only in her Husband's Eyes ;

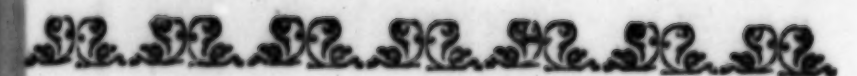
Miscellany Poems. 45

She out of Sight endeavours all she can,
To cheat the Husband, and to have her Man :
By Nature and by Climate full of Lust,
And he as much inclining to distrust ;
For which he shuts her close in Upper-room,
For fear she play the Wanton with the Groom.
Our Women, like the Ether, open, free,
Nor do their Husbands ask them, *Where go ye?*
So beautiful they need no Patch nor Paint,
Such Virtue guards them, they need no Restraint ;
In Entertainments most discreet and wise,
Most graceful at our Feasts, but not precise ;
Their Chastity defends them against Ill,
The Men dare not presume against their Will ;
In Habit grand, and splendid to be seen,
And scarce inferior to some foreign Queen ;

They

They dress in Crimson Robes, with Velvet Shoes
They softly tread, but dazle him that views;
Except some few, whom every where you find,
The Patterns and the Glories of the Womankind





THE
SPANISH WAR

Continued in Four

LETTERS

TO

NICHOLAS ROBERTS, Esq;

At Hexham-Abbey.



THE

SPANISH WAR

LETTERS

TO

ROBERTS, Esq.

At Hexham-Abbey.

1770

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THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER I.



COULD wishful Peace but fairly be
obtain'd,
And not the Honour of our Coun-
try stain'd;

Had not so great a People been abus'd,
And honourable Amends so oft refus'd;
Could we depend upon their faithless Word,
Or any League Security afford;
No sober Man with Reason could prefer,
To blissful Peace the desolating War.

G

But

50 Miscellany Poems.

But when so warlike and so good a Prince,
 Is thus abus'd, and gives them no Offence ;
 When such great Princes of the royal Blood,
 Will freely venture in a Cause so good ;
 When the illustrious Nobles of our Land,
 Stand ready for the Foe with Sword in Hand ;
 When *Vernon*, *Cheshire's* Glory, and her Chief,
 Atchieves such things, superior to Belief ;
Vernon! Great-Britain's Joy, the Dread of *Spain*,
 Whose Depredations he pays back again,
 By Conquests on the Land, with Triumphs on the
 Main ;
 When *Ogle*, *Peddie*, Men of good Renown,
 Have ventur'd freely for the *British* Crown ;
 Of Danger fearless in their Country's Cause,
 Well worthy Honour and all Men's Applause ;

When

Miscellany Poems. 51

When my *Nigellus* ready is to die,
By fighting for his Country, may not I
With my *Nigellus* in the Ocean lie?
In such a Cause to die is truly brave,
Why should a noble *Briton* be a Slave?
By War no poorer, but we richer grow,
We bring Home Gold enough from *Mexico*;
Enough for Tax, enough to live upon,
Enough to treat our Friends when we come Home:
Like Rabbits they will sneak into their Holes,
To Trenches creep like undermining Moles;
The fearful Creatures will not fight maintain;
But fly like Cowards thro' the floating Main;
We Towns demolish, set their Ships on Flames,
Or bring their shatter'd Vessels to our *Thames*;

Our warlike Men will hew the Pygmies down,
Or make them sculk within some fenced Town:
What signify their airy Gaseonades,
The Feathers in their Caps and fine Cockades?
The little tilting thing, ty'd with a Cord,
Is not compar'd with our well-mounted Sword;
Our Curlaces struck with a brawny Arm,
Will make them drop as bombing Bees in Swarm.
Enough of Peace: Too long we have been wrong'd,
It is high time the *Spaniard* should be bang'd.
Go Britons boldly on, and win the Day,
St. George for *England*, and King GEORGE for ay:
We fight for Honour, and will Honour have,
Or sink together in the wat'ry Grave;
Which is more worthy of us then to lose
Religion and our Freedom by our Foes.

THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER II.

BEGIN great *Spain* what long you have
design'd,
But know your Cobweb-Schemes have taken Wind;
You *Sweetners* turn, and play your little Tricks,
We understand you and your Politicks;
But know for certain, *Britons* will not yield,
We ready are to meet you in the Field;
Your trifling Schemes, concerted many Years,
Take only Woodcocks, and prove useleſs Snareſ;

54 Miscellany Poems.

No Nations under Heaven such Statesmen show,
Equal to *Seneca* or *Corbulo*:

A *Guelphian* rules us, and as high by Birth
As any Christian Monarch upon Earth.

Our Men look Death undaunted on the Face,
They feed not on your Olios, Leaks, and Pease:

Think you the ancient *British* Courage fails,

Or your disdainful Look with us avails?

You move like Tortoises, and creep like Snails.

Make sudden Peace, before it be too long,

Or we Reprizals make for every Wrong.

What signify ragg'd Regiments like yours,

Scarce Shirts upon their Backs, and they but

coarse?

Your Character is of the bloody Hue,

But we to such a People Pity shew;

With

With Pity mov'd towards such little Elves,
 We seek to save you, unconcern'd ourselves ;
 Be reconcil'd, and Satisfaction give,
 Or Blood for Blood, and Thousands must not live ;
 Your Secrets known and all your dark Designs,
 We blow you sudden up with Countermines ;
 In Counsel slow, and slow to execute,
 The Figure of a Man, in Manners Brute ;
 Aspiring Thoughts to universal Rule,
 To domineer, insult us, and controll,
 Such Things as these compound the *Spanish* Soul ;
 But to your Pride we never shall submit,
 It must be curb'd, and we shall humble it :
 With much superior Numbers on your Side,
 Your Courage has been often fairly try'd,

But

But seldom have engag'd us without Loss,
Returning, as they say, by weeping Cross;
But do you think your Valour has encreas'd,
Or has the ancient *British* Courage ceas'd?
Tho' we are much degenerate by Vice,
Yet still an over Match for Cowardice.



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THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER III.

FROM the Sun's Rising to the going down,
Some live Dependents on the *Spanish* Crown;
Dominions vastly large on every Side,
In Length extended, and far spreading wide;
Both *East* and *West*, and thro' the distant Poles,
They say, there live whom this great Monarch
rules;

A Monarch not much glorious for his Deeds,
But much renown'd for numb'ring of his Beads:

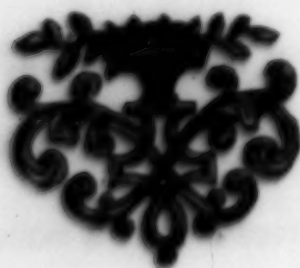
58 Miscellany Poems.

This Monkish King, some fawning Hypocrites,
 Some crafty Priests, and cunning *Jesuits*;
 Some seeming Wits, and Counterfeits of *Delph*,
 Would fain persuade to fight the *British* *Guelph*.
 Perswade! quoth I, may he but once begin,
 But first crave Absolution of his Sin;
 Before he venture on the doubtful Fight,
 May his Confessor set his Conscience straight,
 No thinking Man, but of abandon'd Sense,
 Dares Battle try against so great a Prince.
 The *British* King is one of mighty Power,
 The Conquest over him is not so sure;
 A warlike King, and brings into the Field,
 Much better Troops than ever *Spain* could yield.
 Are Cowards valiant? Dare the Fearful fight?
 Or can the *Ethiops* make his Colour white?

Miscellany Poems. 59

The vain romantic Temper nicely hits,
And suits this People, or such Would-be-wits ;
Much for the cruel Temper they are known,
But when you speak of Valour, they have none.
Now we hold forth the bloody Flag of War,
All *Spain* must tremble at the Sight for fear;
Will *Spaniards* fight? Are they of *Cadmus* Race?
Turn'd sudden Giants with a warlike Face:
When *Britons* face them with the *Persian* God,
With roaring Guns they soon away will scud:
On our Divisions they too much depend,
But when the War begins our Factions end ;
Our Difference with *Dissenters* is but small,
But with the courteous Part is none at all ;
But all unanimous will fight the Foe,
And to her Sorrow *Spain* will find it so ;

Unless some wicked few, whose Principle
To Superstition leads, or to rebel.
Let others live like Gruntlers in the Sty,
As for my Part, I for my Country die;
It never shall be said of me, I leave
My Church, my Country, or my King, deceive:
Who would forsake so orthodox a Church,
Or leave so great a Monarch in the Lurch?
Go *Britons* boldly on, the Day's your own,
Or die all Martyrs for the *British* Throne.





THE
SPANISH WAR.

LETTER IV.

WE hate a Villain, and we justly hate,
 But love the Man in whom is no Deceit;
 To be a Traytor is the worst of things,
 But of all Traytors, Traytors to our Kings:
 Our Rebels grow, by sad Experience, wise,
 They will no more be made a Sacrifice,
 When Trumpets sound the Man of Honour wars,
 True Courage rises at the Clank of Arms;
 May trifling *Spain* unite with *Billy France*,
 The one can swagger and the other dance;
 Tho'

Tho' this can caper, that can vainly boast,
Both have found *Britons* warlike to their Cost.
Our County for the Seat of Honour held,
Will never in the Day of Battle yield,
Must claim the Van and Honour of the Field ;
Stout Gentlemen in brave *Northumberland*,
They for the Monarch make a noble Stand ;
Nigellus Chief, a Person of Renown,
With other true Supporters of the Crown ;
Fine Gentlemen attending when he goes,
Superior much to what *Iberia* shows ;
Nigellus for his former Valour known,
Nigellus dying will not die alone.
Besides what Warriors on the Mountains live,
That thro' all Countries will their People drive ;

Miscellany Poems.

63

On any Ground, and underneath the Poles,

On any Sea, or where the Ocean rolls ;

We fight them fairly, and die every Man,

Before they say, we yield to silly *Spain*.

When Princes disagree, it is not Words

That can decide the Matter but their Swords ;

No meddling with them but in their Defence,

All Thunder is the Anger of a Prince :

To interfere with Princes is not good,

And Danger here was always understood :

Thus the *Bavarian* Chronicle says,

Corondorferus found it in his Days :

Thus lately *Doxat* found it over true,

Alas ! his good Intention would not do ;

The good Intention may do in the Priest,

Not in the Warrior, tho' he do his best.

Kings

Kings must be honour'd in their just Commands,
And none but the undutious Man withstands;
But they that are the Instruments and Tools,
Of wicked Tyrants, must be errant Fools;
Thus suffer'd *Piso* for *Tiberius*,
His wicked Tool in pois'ning poor *Germanicus*.



SEVERAL
LETTERS
OR
MISCELLANY POEMS,
On some of the
Celebrated BEAUTIES
AND
Patterns of Inimitable VIRTUE
OF THE
FEMALE SEX.

By the Rev. *WILLIAM BEWICK*, B. A.

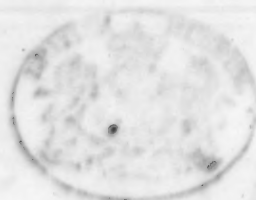
NEWCASTLE upon TYNE:
Printed for the AUTHOR, by *Tho. Middleton* in *St. Nicholas' Church-Yard*. MDCCLII.

LETTERS

OR
MISCELLANY POEMS

Collected BY THE

Editors of the



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TO THE
Most Pious, and Charitable GENTLEWOMAN,
Madam B L A C K E T T,

The happy CONSORT of
WALTER BLACKETT, Esq;
of Newcastle upon Tyne,

THESE
MISCELLANY POEMS

Are Dedicated by

Her most obedient,

Humble Servant,

W. B.

[REDACTED]

TO THE

[REDACTED]

Madam B. JACKETT,

The happy Consort of
Walter Blackett, Esq.
of Newcastle-upon-Tyne

THREE

MISCELLANY POEMS

Are Dedicated by

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

W.B.



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Miscellany Poems



ON
NIGELLA.

LETTER I.



HE fam'd *Apollo*, the celebrated
Nine,

The first no God, the other not
divine ;

The silly Whimsies of our simple Bards,

Their Supplement in vacancy of Words ;

Such painted Shades of things have never been,

The Visions of the Brain, the Dreams of Men :

All

All Fable, Fiction, cannot us inspire,
And kindle in our Breast poetic Fire ;
Without Invention, when they cannot speak,
Apollo and the Number Nine must squeak ;
But whistling Ducks in yonder bending Spray,
In *Jama's* Land can sing as well as they ;
The hoarsest Accents from the worst of Fowl,
The croaking Raven and the hooting Owl,
May please as well : Alas ! we are misled,
Depending on *Apollo* for our Head ;
In vain invoke the Muses for a Song,
Chimæras that have pleas'd us over long ;
To little Purpose we on Muses call,
Without ourselves they cannot help at all.
A Poet should be virtuously endow'd,
Have some Ambition, not be over proud ;

Miscellany Poems. 71

With Learning, Genius, and a happy Wit,
And make his Numbers to the Subject fit ;
By Nature taught, devoid of heinous Crime,
May flag sometime as well as be sublime ;
(With golden Colours *Finches* wing the Sky,
But hungry pick their Meat and will not fly)
The Subject should be noble and the best,
The Subject such as will endure the Test :
Nigella be my Theme of *Aaron's* Race,
Her Soul all Beauty, Virtue in her Face ;
Has still been friendly to the sacred Tribe,
And all their Needs her Charity supply'd.
The Female Sex was in my * *Mantua* sung,
Well worthy Satyr for their prattling Tongue ;

From

* *Mantua* was translated by the Author into *English Verse*,
at *London*, in which was a Satyr against Women.

From this vile Scandal she may them redeem,
With awful Presence does a Princess seem;
With blissful *Ann* may well enough compare,
But blissful *Ann* was never half so fair;
With *Ann* of happy Memory may vie,
With *Ann* already seated in the Sky,
Whose Fame shall live, herself shall never die.
Nigellus when Commandant on the Main,
By royal Order coming Home again,
From *Jama's* Land, where Citrons grow and Dates
And Limes, sweet Oranges, and Pomegranates;
Where tuneful Whistlers on the Cypress Trees,
A thousand Nightingales thro' Forrests please;
Tall Pines on Marble Mountains Arms extend,
And with a kind Salute to Strangers bend;

From

Miscellany Poems.

73

From this enchanting Island did he come,
And brought the richest Prize, *Nigella*, Home.

Nigellus then was young and charming fair,
A tempting Fortune, and his Father's Heir,
His Father's Darling, and his tender Care ;

By Nature mild, and virtuously inclin'd,
And for high Office for the Court design'd ;

Of great Extract, for I his Father knew,
Who had a Fortune for his Son in view ;

But *Cupid* will be wicked *Cupid* still,

And peerless Beauty lead us where she will :

Nigella, Captive, made the Brave submit

To dazzling Beauty and surprizing Wit ;

With awful Look, with heavenly pious Zeal,

With her Demeanor she behav'd so well ,

K

He

He saw, he lov'd, she with such Luster shone,
He for his Charmer could have left a Throne ;
In *Hymen's* Bonds at length the two unite,
With mutual flaming Love, with true Delight;
His Father's Love was lost, but got a Wife,
Which made the Hero happy all his Life ;
His Fortune lost, but now they happy live,
And may they long with Comfort me survive;
But when Death comes by unrelenting Fate,
And they are summon'd to another State,
By him that only knows our settl'd Doom,
May they enjoy an everlasting Crown.





ON

NIGELLA.

LETTER II.

NIGELLA be my Subject once again,
The Virtuous and the Fair exalt my Strain;
When I grow weary and my Fancy dull,
The Subject raises Raptures in my Soul;
The God within, at mention of her Name,
Foams all with Fury and an uncouth Flame;
The Meeter smoother, and the Numbers fine,
All tagg'd with Gems, and all a brilliant Line:

K 2

Gallant-

Gallanting Bards sing mercenary Dames,
Fit for the scourging House near silver *Thames*;
One bright *Lucinda*, this fair *Cælia* cries,
But far superior she will bear the Prize;
The virtuous Fair-one, every way complete,
Entirely Good, and eminently Great;
In rapid Verse the Numbers flow at Will,
When the fair Theme is Trial of our Skill;
At other Times we cannot tell for what,
The Scene revert, we grow exceeding flat;
Not but the Faculties are still the same,
But there is some Enchantment in the Name;
On rich *Mohogny* and the Cedar Tree,
Where the wing'd Tribe enjoy sweet Liberty;
High on the waving Stems from gentle Breeze,
From marble Mountains and the neighbour Sea

Miscellany Poems. 77

A thousand Whistlers sweetest Music raise,
With tuneful Airs they sing *Nigella's* Praise;
Nigella! a most graceful, charming Word,
Well worthy *Colly* or some topping Bard;
A thousand times a thousand Nightingales,
Along the Forests and the flow'ry Dales,
The limpid Rivers and the trickling Rills,
Embroider'd Meads and Alabaster Hills,
The virtuous and the fair *Nigella* sing,
And make the Lawns, the Woods, and Forests ring;
With crowded Echoes winding round about,
From Hill to Hill they take the obvious Rout;
The clefted Rocks receive the melting Sound,
And all is trembling Airs on hilly Ground;
The gentle Turtles heavily complain,
Nigella they must never see again;

They

78 Miscellany Poems.

They all lament their great Protectress gone,
 From the fair Isle to cursed *Albion*;
 To *Albion* that wicked wretched Isle,
 Where there is nought but Treachery and Guile:
 Where Honesty is but an empty Name,
 And he that is a Rascal plays the surest Game:
 Where Custom makes it civil to be drunk,
 To keep a Miss, and have a pretty Punk:
 Where Bully and Gallant feast like a Lord,
 And silly Cuckold dares not say a Word;
 But drinks his Belly full and goes to Bed,
 And in a little time the Booby's dead;
 Where Whores and Rogues make much the finer
 Show,
 And you among them must be wicked too,
 Or else be thought uncivil and ill-bred,
 A formal Fool, an empty Loggerhead.



ON
M I R A.

LETTER III.

IT always was, and is my native Pride,
To have the Fair and Virtuous on my Side ;
From high to low we Bards are cunning Men,
And always choose good Patrons for a Screen ;
The People else will hiss us, being poor,
Just as they drive a Beggar from the Door ;

But

80 Miscellany Poems.

But when they hear of lovely *Mira* sung,
Like Waves oppressing Waves, a mighty Throng,
Hangs on the Lip, and dwells upon the Tongue.
All Faults conceal'd they cry, a mighty Bard!
A heavenly Song! a Blessing every Word!
His Verse is smooth, his Numbers wond'rous fine,
All Inspiration seen in every Line.
But *Mira* and *Nigella* are the same,
For *Mira* only is another Name;
Take which you will, but for the present Use,
Let *Mira* be the Subject of my Muse;
Nigella is as much as *Mira* known,
The Accidents are two, the Person one:
I sing of *Mira* then, but let you know,
I mean *Nigella*, understand me so:

But

Miscellany Poems.

81

But some will say, Sir, the Attempt is high,

You undertake with *Icarus* to fly ;

The thing is true, it cannot be deny'd,

I told you once before it was my Pride ;

But since the Undertaking is begun,

The Undertaking must be carry'd on :

Thus *Icarus*, by his Ambition lead,

Regardless of what Mischief would succeed ;

Regardless of his Father's sage Advice,

Not to be too advent'rous thro' the Skies,

Must needs, vain Youth, thro' the high Æther
climb,

Approach too near the Sun, and be sublime ;

The solar Heat dissolves his winged Frame,

Drops into Seas, and gives the Seas his Name.

L

Exterior

Exterior Splendor, Beauty thro' the whole,
A beauteous Cover, and a heavenly Soul;
A flowing Charity to all that needs,
She cloaths the Naked, and the Hungry feeds;
Whose unaffected Piety may move,
And make us all Divines, and preach up heaven
Love.



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The EXAMPLE

M I R A.

L E T T E R IV.

MAN does to Man such hostile Nature bear,
As fiercest Tyger does to shaggy Bear ;
All would be *Babel* here without Divines,
But we unmindful of their heavenly Lines ;
Were there no Duties on the Sabbath-day,
We should be worse than savage Beasts of Prey ;
Like bloody *Cannibals* we would devour,
And eat up one another every Hour ;

L. 2

The

The greater Force would bear the weak ones down,
Usurping Tyrants wear the golden Crown:
Thus greater Fish devour the little Fry,
While they to craggy Rocks and Caverns fly,
Or close in ouzy Beds for Shelter lie;
Some Praise is therefore due to Preachers Pains,
That help to bind the Tyrant, Man, in Chains;
Unless with nauseous Crambe often o'er,
They furbish up dull Stuff from rotten Store;
For such Discourses, tho' of Labour full,
Must make us sleep, but not affect the Soul;
A quaint Discourse, not devious from the Text,
With earnest Passions duly intermixt;
Deliver'd gravely from a sober Man,
With all Affection and what Zeal he can;

With The

Miscellany Poems. 85

With what his Readings of good Books can teach,
But chiefly if his Conversation preach;

Such quaint Discourse on me has great Effects,

But more the Pattern which fair *Mira* sets.

Come, lovely *Mira*, lead me by the Hand,

And teach me where my Soul shall safely stand,

And I shall follow, and obey Command:

Discourses from the Pulpit well may please,

But your Devotion rises by Degrees;

Till Extasy becoming all a Flame,

It kindles in a tender Breast the same:

When you are in the publick House of Prayer,

We all are willing to be present there;

But if Affairs of Weight call you from Home,

Not one of us affects, or cares to come,

With The Reader, if he pleases, may be dumb.

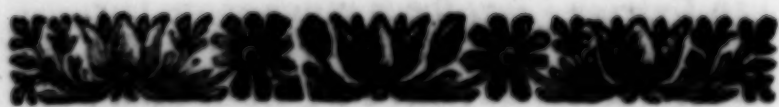
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86 Miscellany Poems.

Thus your fair Pattern to Devotion leads,
As some show theirs by telling of their Beads :
Come then before Almighty let us bow,
And as you worship I will worship too ;
Devotion such as yours was never vain,
But must the Kingdom and the Crown obtain.



O Thus



O N

M I R A.

L E T T E R V.

A MONG the Scandals of the Female Race,
To say, no Beauty, is a great Disgrace;
And he's uncivil thought, and basely bred,
That calls not every Slattern, beauteous Maid;
Tho' Eggs and Sugar-Candy make the Wash,
With which she cleans and makes a handsom Face,
She must be Goddess, Angel, every thing;
O! Thus Bards must whistle as the Coblers sing)

Than

88 Miscellany Poems.

Than *Cyprian Venus* she is much more fair,
And Red or Yellow, her's a golden Hair :
But Beauty often varies with the Coast,
And despicable here, is there a Toast.
On *Iber's* chrystal Streams the Sun-burnt Beau
Must have a Mistress of the tawny Hue ;
Beneath *Bootes* and the *Artic* Pole,
Women all Bear can charm the Monster's Soul ;
But where the torrid Zone makes equal Hour,
The jetty Colour wins the lovely Moor ;
In every Clime, but in some distant Place,
The Beauty varies and the handsome Face :
Some place great Beauty in a little Foot,
But some less squeamish in a sordid Gut,
Admir'd and prais'd by simple *Hottentot* ;

Miscellany Poems.

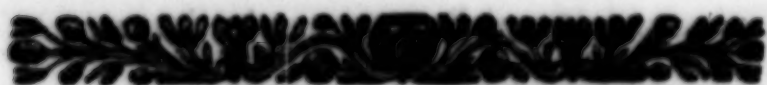
89

Some Fools are Captives made to ogling Eyes,
But Virtue more engages all the Wise;
With artful Pencil Beauty may be drawn,
In horrid Buff as well as costly Lawn;
Thalestris thus did *Alexander* win,
In dreadful Aspect and a Monster's Skin;
By *Philip's* Son most courteously supply'd,
With Favours sought for as some lawful Bride;
Such Courtesy was in the royal Breast,
To the fair Charmer, as a Savage drest;
The Monarch much regretting when the Fair
Was gone so soon to take *Gotblandish* Air.
In every Country, under every Sky,
The Colour varies of the beauteous Dye;
Here Lillies please us and the crimson Red,
The Dark, the Swarthy there, the chesnut Maid:

M

But

But *Mira* will be always beauteous found,
And pass for Admirable in any Ground.



T O

M I R A.

L E T T E R VI.

IN Thought a Monster, Rebel to his God,
The much assuming Creature, vainly proud;
The Tyrant of the great Creation, *MAN*,
The last of Creatures when the World began;
This Bubble, Shadow, Meteor, fading Flower,
Resplendent, now, To-morrow seen no more;

This

Miscellany Poems. 91

This transient Thing, this worthless Nothing, Man,

His whole Duration equal to a Span ;

The vile Compound of sinful Dust and Earth,

A graceless Creature, and of little Worth ;

Of Beings next the Angels made the best,

With Stamp divine, superior to the rest ;

By Disobedience falling, proves the worst,

Condemn'd by Justice, and of God accurs'd ;

Affecting to be God, lost Paradise,

Thrown down the Mount, sunk to the dark Abyss;

With richest Blessings from his God supply'd,

Un-gracious of them, lifted up with Pride ;

Rebels against his God, his Duty, Bliss,

The worst of Rebels and of Traytors is.

Some will be Infidels and singular,

And the Disciples of proud *Lucifer*.

The Son of *Psamis* thought his Kingdom sure,
The Son of *Psamis* lost it in an Hour,
The Bow-string, strangling, robs him of his
Power.

Uncertain things are not depended on,
But every one adores the rising Sun;
Where's *Julius* now that many Kingdoms rul'd,
And our own *Harry* with his Sails of Gold?
With an imperial Person in his Train,
To grace his Triumph, and to cross the Main;
A hundred Crowns allow'd him every Day,
Allowance royal for a Soldiers Pay.
Where's *Pompey* now that many Kingdoms spoil'd
His greatest Friends in civil Wars embroil'd?
The Bedlam Man thro' mighty Kingdoms raves
Slain by Ingrates, and bury'd by two Slaves.

May not you often see the Great and Rich,
 In splendid Equipage, with Coach and Six,
 Unfortunate, and quickly tumbl'd down,
 One without Mitre, that without a Crown?
 High Mountains first the Thunderer invades,
 He covers lower Valleys with their Shades;
 The Shrub escapes, obedient to the Stroke,
 While whirling Tempests rend the stubborn Oak.
 Ambitious Courtiers think the Vulgar Chaff,
 But when the Danger comes, the Vulgar's safe;
 Tho' coarse their Cloathing, tho' with rustic Fare,
 They live contented, and more healthy are.
 The humble and the condescending One,
 Deserves a Kingdom, and exalts the Throne:
 Such *Mira* is, affable, courteous, kind,
 Amids great Riches keeps the humble Mind;

Amids

94 Miscellany Poems.

Amids great Honours humbly condescends,
To call the Helpless and the Poor her Friends;
With worldly Blessings others vainly swell,
But she unalter'd, courteous, affable;
Which must exalt one in high Station more,
Than greatest Grandeur and the highest Power.





T O
M I R A.

L E T T E R VII.

Egyptian Kings rais'd Pyramids so high,
Their Pyramids seem'd equal with the Sky;
Which *Atlas* on gigantic Shoulders bears,
Each Pyramids seem'd Standards to the Stars;
For *Egypt's* Pride, with great Magnificence,
With Revenues of Kings and vast Expence;
They built them for Enclosures of the Dead,
In which the Mummies of their Kings were laid.

Vain

Vain Ostentation! and a simple Blaze,
The People's Wonder, and the Stranger's Gaze;
A Tongue-talk Nothing, and an empty Sound,
And not availing Kings when under Ground:
When we are senseless Dust, and breathless Clay
All muffled up in Night, remov'd from Day,
Can we hear Sounds, or see the pleasant Sight,
Joy in our Tombs, or Pyramids delight?
Things of another Kind should please us here;
Of more extensive Nature, higher Sphere:
May we from Christian Duty never stray,
May splendid Virtue pave the Diamond Way!
The happy Path that guards to Paradise,
The Christian Comfort with the richest Prize;
The Christian should be always doing Good,
The Helpless aid, and give the Hungry Food

Miscellany Poems. 97

To see one indigent with Hunger pine,
Without a Crum at Home whereon to dine ;
To see another rag'd, bowing, and old,
With Hunger starving, quivering with the Cold,
Without Compassion and relenting Grief,
And not administer some small Relief ;
To see such Objects, which we soon may find,
And not be piteous, charitable, and kind ;
To see a Vessel splitting on the Sands,
By Stress of Weather, or for want of Hands,
And not preserve it if we can assist,
Shows but inhumane Nature at the best.
The Good, the Kind, the Gracious all commend,
God, Saint, and Angel, every one their Friend ;
Good Christian Pastors all by Duty move,
Not for a Favour, but in Christian Love ;

N

Bu

98 Miscellany Poems.

But high and low, in Station, every one,
By Charity, if able, should be known ;
Of which the greatest Pattern *Mira* is,
For which such Numbers of the People blifs ;
On humble Knees a thousand Blessings give,
Devoutly kneel and cry, *Long, Mira, live.*





O N

Madam *B A C O N*

Living at

H E X H A M.

SOME Genius gliding in my open View,
 In Atoms' Habit thro' the Atmos flew,
 And rustling sounded, *BACON* be your Theme,
 When starting as one from a frightful Dream,
 I seem'd to answer, This was my Design;
 Thus she became the Subject of my Line:

No Waff this was of some departing Friend,
Not any Phantom, as I apprehend,
But some good Demon that directs my Fate,
For Guardian-Angels always on us wait,
They o'er the Actions of the Life preside,
They push us forwards, and to Virtue guide.
I scarce with *Brutus* could maintain my Ground,
When first I heard the unacquainted Sound ;
The pearly Dew dropt from my sweaty Face,
My trembling Feet could scarce maintain their Place
Not every one like the great *Brutus* dares,
Nor has such Boldness when a Ghost appears.
Ye happy Nymphs of the *Castalian* Spring,
Assist me kindly while I *Bacon* sing ;
The Duty on me by my Genius laid,
The Genius must be punctually obey'd ;

Miscellany Poems. 101

Some first-rate Poets with a pregnant Wit,

And Muses only for the Subject fit:

Bacon is lovely, and we all adore,

As Summer fair, sweet as the spicy Shoar;

Which Mariners when they approach can tell,

On Ocean sailing, by the fragrant Smell:

nd, The Violet, the Cassia, and the Myrrh,

In fragrant Odors cannot equal her;

ce, Heaven in her Aspect, in her Look the Saint,

rPlace A Stature just such as they *Venus* paint;

The finest Shape in plainest Habit seen,

s. Superior to rich Silks and Bombazeen;

No evil Eye look on with baneful Breath,

No Tongue calumniate on Pain of Death!

May Virtue guard her as it does adorn,

But she disdain your Hate, and trample on your Scorn,

In vain with costly Damasks we disguise,
And think the Masque will cover hateful Vice;
The Ground of Velvet with the Fringe of Gold,
With silly Admiration we behold;
In vain we think to greaten by our Pride,
When thro' the Mob we in Glass Chariots ride;
These outward Things may take with vulgar Eyes
But signify but little with the Wise.



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ON MISS
DOLLY REED.

WERE I to choose a Mistress for my
Friend,

You are the Fair-one I would recommend ;
Such virtuous Dispositions of the Mind,
We seldom meet with in the Womankind ;
If Virtue, Youth, and Beauty can endear,
You are as lovely as most charming fair ;
Your frugal Temper nicely hits my Taste,
The Man is ruin'd if the Woman waste ;

She

She spends so much in Vanity and Pride,
Which with the *Indies* cannot be supply'd;
She gads Abroad, addicted much to Feasts,
And makes rich Entertainments for her Guests;
She must undo her Husband with the Charge,
Unless his Income be immensely large;
But if the happy Partner of our Choice,
With whom we mingle Sorrows, mingle Joys,
Shall prove a careful and industrious Spouse,
Attend at Home, and manage well her House;
If she shall prove indulgent to her Lord,
And spend no more than Husband can afford;
Shall not be oversparing, nor profuse,
But every Way shall Moderation use:
If such a Partner happen to one's Share,
No greater Blessing than such Women are:

Unlike

Miscellany Poems. 105

Unlike the wicked Women of our Town,
You never draw ambitious Lovers on ;
You use no artful Ways to be ador'd,
But always serious, punctual to your Word ;
You stand upon your Guard with lovely Truth,
And bid Defiance to the rampant Youth ;
With virtuous Carriage and a sober Mein,
With Qualities that may adorn a Queen ;
You every where a Reputation gain,
But then, the mighty Task is to obtain ;
Not that you are inclin'd to be a Nun,
The Sweets of Love thro' all our Natures run ;
But that you will not into Snares be led,
Nor give us leave to say, you were betray'd :
But if the Charmer of your Heart shall come,
In vain shall you on Woman's Strength presume ;

O

When

When gentle *Cupid* wirth his golden Dart,
Directly leuell'd, shall transfix your Heart;
You will not be too curious, nor precise,
Your Love will shoot and sparkle thro' the Eyes,
The thrilling Passion beat thro' throbbing Veins,
And Symptoms show themselves in trembling Pains,
Your Charmer every Way will lovely seem,
You always speak, you always of him dream;
Thus you must own some virtuous Passion true,
When you shall love, and *Cupid* shall subdue.



T H



THE
DOMINION of LOVE.

To Miss *DOLLY READ*.

S*TATIRA* was a beauteous Maid like you,
She conquer'd him that did the World subdue;

She set the *Macedonian* Youth a fire,

Thus *Hercules* was serv'd by *Deianire*.

Who can withstand the Energy of Love?

Not *Mars* himself, nor, on *Olympus*, *Jove*;

It runs thro' every Species, every Race,

And Monkeys love, and Monkeys will embrace,

In *Fairy Land* the Nobles, as they tell,

Go see their Loves, and ride in Cockle-Shell;

108 Miscellany Poems.

In Coaches drawn by *Humbirds* they will ride,
To see their Nymphs, but rather show their Pride,
Of old they had their Gambols every Spring,
In our green Meadows capering in a Ring;
But not so courteous, now, nor half so good,
They dance their Galliards near the frozen Flood,
Among the better Sort of Human-kind,
Love is a gentle Passion of the Mind,
The best of Gifts which our frail Natures have,
But stretch'd too far, the Man becomes a Slave.
When Virtue mingles in the Lover's Breast,
A certain Comfort and continual Feast;
At the first Onset meeting with Disdain,
The Passion cools, and seldom warms again;
But when encourag'd to a growing Flame,
And disappointed by the jilting Dame,

Grows

Miscellany Poems. 109

Grows mighty jealous, full of restless Fear,

Wild as a Tyger, rages like a Bear ;

Such jealous Tempers many Times arise

From empty Brain, and Shadows in the Skies ;

But whether true or bottom'd on a Lie,

The Case is hard if Innocents must die ;

But this alas ! is oft the Lover's Case,

They causeless die to interrupt Disgrace.





ON MISS

TIBBY REED

SOME to the Patch and Paint their Beauty o'er,
 The outward Habit and the pageant Shew;
 In their external Dress seem beautiful,
 And may ensnare some thick and empty Skull;
 With costly Lutestring, and such vain Attire,
 Engage the Booby, or some Country Squire;
 The Busk of Silver in the snowy Breast,
 The Velvet Cap with Peacock Feather dress'd;
 The fine clock'd Stockings, and the scarlet Robe,
 The Shoes with golden Lace, the handsom Mob,
 The Velvet Hood, the Peck, the Damask Gown
 Must make them pass for Beauties of the Town;

Miscellany Poems. 111

The amber Necklace, and the painted Fan,
These are the Trifles that must captive Man.
Of Things like these, which is extremely odd,
They glory much, and are extremely proud ;
Were they in plain and simple Nature seen,
They would look vulgar, and appear but mean ;
Unlike fair *Venus* in her golden Rise,
Or beauteous *Eve* in blissful Paradise:
You in your Chints and Cotton look more fine,
With greater Lustre and more Beauty shine,
Than they in costly Silks and richest Dress,
A glaring Outside, but their Beauty less ;
They cast a tawdry Lustre in Brocade,
Or purple Gown, but you a charming Maid :
They lead some silly senseless Block away,
With costly Sattin and their fine Array ;

But

112 **Miscellany Poems.**

But so much Sweetness, such the charming Face,
Such every thing that may a Lover please ;
So great your Modesty, such Innocence,
As may become the Consort of a Prince.
But why should I presume to blaze you forth ?
May some attempt it of superior Worth ;
Your Lint-white Locks which wanton in the Air,
Shew *Venus* kemb'd, but *Venus* not so fair ;
The Rose, the Lilly, in their best Array,
The fairest Flowers in the Month of *May*,
Must not presume, give you your Right and Due
To equal Beauty, or to rival you.
Had much-sam'd *Alexander* you but seen,
When he *Statira* saw and made her Queen ;
Your Eyes had set the Hero's Heart on Flame,
And burnt the Image of that happy Dame.



SEVERAL
LETTERS
OR
MISCELLANY POEMS;
TO
Several PERSONS
OF A
Fair CHARACTER.

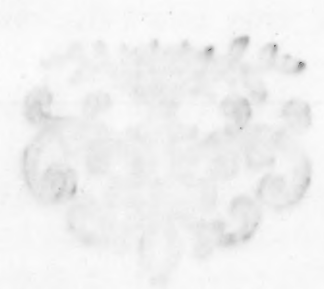
By the Rev. *WILLIAM BEWICK*, B. A.



NEWCASTLE upon TYNE:
Printed for the AUTHOR, by *Tho. Middleton* in *St. Nicholas' Church-Yard*. MDCCLII.

LETTERS
OR
MISCELLANY POEMS;
TO
SEVERAL PERSONS
OF A
CHARACTER.

NEW-YORK: NEWICK, B. A.



Printed and Sold by T. M. ...
in the ...
...

THE
Following LETTERS,
OR MISCELLANY
POEMS,

Are humbly Dedicated

TO THE

REVEREND and LEARNED

Dr. S H A R P,

Archdeacon of Northumber-
land, and Rector of Roth-
bury,

By his most humbly addicted,

And devoted Servant,

W. B.

THE
Following LETTERS
OR MISCELLANY
POEMS

And humbly Dedicated

TO THE

W. A. R. P.

Author of Northumb-
land, and Rector of Roth-

W. A. R. P.

W. A.

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Miscellaneous Poems

118



DEATH.

To the Rev. Mr. *Andrews*, Lecturer of *Hexham*.

LETTER I.



HE Miser that has more than he
can spend,
And covets trifling Riches without
End ;

Whose Mind still hankers after wicked Pelf,
And in the Midst of Plenty starves himself ;
Who leaves much Substance to his wanton Heirs,
Which he is hoarding up with carping Cares ;

Pro-

Providing much, which he can hardly taste,
Himself half famish'd while some others waste ;
Is much like *Tantalus* with Thirst undone,
While under him the cool Refreshments run ;
Like hungry *Tantalus* that cannot eat
The wishful Viands, and the needful Meat ;
Can neither eat nor drink, but covets both,
One at his Lips, the other at his Mouth :
Such is the Miser with his Coffers full,
Is always needy with the Niggard's Soul ;
The Blessings that descend from him above,
Cease to be Blessings, and must useless prove ;
Enjoys not what he has, and covets more,
And in the Midst of Plenty always poor :
Sure such as they dream of a long Abode,
And little, or but seldom, think of God ;

Miscellany Poems. 119

Their Fancies must be whimsical and strange,
With little Expectation of their Change:
As Fools and Madmen, thinking of long Stay,
In Tabernacles of dissolving Clay;
That they shall not be summon'd to the Dead,
No other Scene of things be publick made;
But always shall continue as they are,
In this poor owling Wilderness of Care;
But all the Gold and Silver which they have,
Will not one Day defend them from the Grave;
Grim *Pluto* and his Train will not be brib'd,
Nor much regard the Mighty for their Pride,
And all their Supplications be deny'd;
Old *Charon* will transport their naked Ghosts
Thro' *Styx* and *Acheron* to other Coasts:

Devour-

120 Miscellany Poems.

Devouring Time will put an End to things,
And cruel Death, which humbles greatest Kings,
Will on a sudden come with winged Pace,
And they must leave the transitory Place ;
No more behold the Sun, the Moon, and Stars,
The rolling Orbits, and harmonious Spheres ;
No more return to Children and their Wives,
To be some Kind of Comfort in their Lives ;
But when the Threads of Destiny are spun,
Another State of Life must be begun ;
And they to distant, unknown Mansions go,
High up in Heaven, or to Hell below ;
Then dying Sinners come with trembling Limbs,
And wish to be discarded from their Sins ;
Then wicked Infidels shall God adore,
Whom they rejected and despis'd before ;

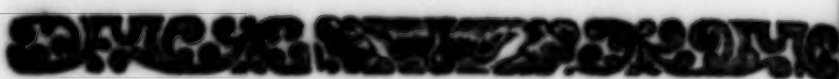
Miscellany Poems. 121

Then they that boast the rich illustrious Line,
And in their Robes of Gold and Silver shine,
Shall wish that they had ever gracious been,
And never such a woful Day had seen ;
But after Death Repentance finds no Room,
And they must wait their everlasting Doom.



Q

T H E



THE
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
SOUL.

LETTER II.

A Thousand Times more swift than Bullets fly
My Thoughts can reach the Summits of
the Sky ;

A thousand thousand Times more swift than they,
Traverse the Globe, and all the World survey ;
The Southern Seas, where the proud Billows roll,
Great Charles's Wain, and all the Northern Pole

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Miscellany Poems. 123

The snowy Mountains of cold *Zembla's* Lands,
Or where with flaming Sword *Orion* stands ;
Can round the *Cape*, the Table of the *Fleece*,
And be conversant with the *Japenese*.

When with sublimest Judgment Man disputes,
Must he be in the Number of the Brutes ?

When he Dominions governs, Kingdoms, States,
Determines on high Points, and grand Debates,
Must he be stupid Beast, some *Porcupine*,

The *Porpoise* Fish, or one of *Neptune's* Swine ?

What are the Things wherein we Beasts excel,
The noble Faculties which in us dwell,

Can they be Matter ? No ; for Matter must

Turn to Corruption, and dissolve to Dust ;

All Matter will forsake us in the Urn,

And simple Matter never will return ;

124 Miscellany Poems.

Unless Almighty God from Dust restore,
And bring us back by his Almighty Power;
Except some Chymist make the bold Attempt,
But then the Image only must be faint.

We think, we will, we understand, we rule,
And all are Arguments we have a Soul;
If things prove otherwise we must be wrong,
And all but Fable and romantic Song;
But God and an immortal Soul exist,
The Wicked may deny it if they list;
A God eternal, and for ever wise,
And Man has such a Soul as never dies;
All *Christians* with their Mouths profess so much
Excepting our good Christian Neighbours *Dutch*
They trading for their Gain thro' *Indian* Seas,
Turn *Turks*, and *Infidels*, and *Japanese*;

Miscellany Poems. 125

But hug themselves, and turn them off with Sham,
And are good Christians safe at *Amsterdam*.

Demosthenes, among the ancient *Greeks*,
Of this great Article with Freedom speaks;
With Demonstration evidently true,
In Words succinct as any Man can do;
As great an Orator as any one,
The *Grecians* ever had, excepting none;
That all the *Grecians* certainly were Fools,
If they deny'd this Article of Souls;
If for their Sufferings good Men should not come
To their Rewards in some much better Home;
' If no Reward, *says he*, for Virtue here,
' God, always just, gives it some other where.



INFIDELITY.

LETTER III.

WHEN Virtue is attack'd it is high time
To scourge the Guilty, and expose the
Crime ;

When all that sacred is comes in Dispute,
And the great Man degraded to a Brute ;
When Bishops, Priests, and God's anointed Kings,
And our chief Magistrates thought useless Things ;
When one pulls up Religion by the Roots,
Another something wiser greatly doubts ;
When some will scruple an immortal Soul,
And Heaven and Hell are brought into the Scroll :
Thus Vice like Wild-fire spreading thro' our Lands,
Must we like Lubbers sit with folded Hands ?

And

Miscellany Poems. 127

And see Destruction like a Whirlwind come,

As *Nero* fiddling saw a burning *Rome*.

Must wicked *Macbiavel*, the *Florentine*,

Must *Hobs*, our Countryman, in Honour shine,

Must they corrupt our Taste in Things divine?

What would these Monsters of Mankind bring forth,

How soon would they un-people all the Earth?

What Mischiefs, Rapines, Murders, would ensue,

If all believ'd their Principles for true?

If Perjuries were just, and Things like these,

And all the Villains might do what they please.

Is no Distinction nor a Difference had

Betwixt intrinsic Good and what is Bad?

Must nothing be accounted vile and base,

And Worth and Honour be unworthy Praise?

Must

Must charming Virtue change its Name for Vice,
And Lunatics and Fools be only wise?

What is their wicked Purpose and their Aim,
What was the grand Original of their Frame,
And did not God Almighty make the same?

Sprung you from Dust, as Creatures from the
Mud,

As Flowers spring, or Blossoms from the Bud?

What Man is he that can the Soul create,

Or frame a comely Body for its Mate?

Or comprehend one single Spire of Grass,

Its Nature, how it grows, and what it was?

What hot Disputes about the spotted Moon,

What Controversies rise about the Sun?

How do Men differ about Meteors,

Concerning fixt and planetary Stars?

Miscellany Poems. 129

Concerning rolling Tides, and what their Cause,
What binds the Ocean in with gracious Laws?
How are we puzzl'd about simple Forms,
Of little Insects, and the creeping Worms?
What Scrutiny about a Butterfly,
And little Atoms dancing thro' the Sky?
And can we comprehend Almighty God,
When such small Things are little understood?
Or may we grasp immense Eternity,
A Thing which cannot comprehended be?



R

THE



THE
HEAVENLY STATE

LETTER IV.

IT'S Happiness to which we all pretend,
Such Happiness as never has an End ;
To live with Comfort in a State of Rest,
To be from Troubles free, and always blest ;
Which is, by Nature, printed in the Mind,
But such a Comfort where can Mortals find?
The true Felicity remains above,
All other Comforts die when we remove ;
The Bliss transcendent which we ought to crave,
Is only to be found beyond the Grave ;

is not in this fleeting State below,
but in some other Scene where we must go ;
We labour for it here with anxious Pain,
We labour hard, but all our Labour vain ;
Heaven has the Happiness which we desire,
That is the State to which we must aspire ;
The lasting Recompence, the sure Reward,
Which for the Good and Righteous is prepar'd ;
is not found unless in that Abode,
The happy Mansion of the blessed God ;
There we shall have the beatific Sight,
The circling Splendor of eternal Light ;
We shall enjoy his Beauty with Surprise,
When such a heavenly Splendor strikes our Eyes ;
Then we shall humbly venerate and adore
The awful Majesty we are before :

132 Miscellany Poems.

Then, O! *be joyful*, be the happy Song,
And Hymns and Praise for ever tip our Tongue;
Then no more Sighs nor Tears run trickling down
But Springs of Joy and Gladness in their Room;
When he shall set the Crown upon the Head,
The Crown with Beams of Glory over-spread;
And prostrate on our Knees we clap our Hands,
With Shouts of Joy, for keeping his Commands
 Against all Sense some silly Men believe
That Pains are nothing, Sufferings will not grieve
When they live easy, delicate, and full,
They think no Hurt in *Phalaris's* Bull;
But what they say is found a perfect Jest,
When they come to abide the heavy Test.
 Our Joys and Sorrows mix in muddy Streams,
As Common Shores run into silver *Thames*;

In Heaven the Joy is perfect and serene,
But in this World continual Troubles seen ;
Where Sorrows upon bitter Sorrows crowd,
And must oppress us with their heavy Load ;
But in a little Time we shall have Rest,
Be never troubl'd, never more oppress.



THE
FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

L E T T E R V.

THE wilful Sinner may do what he will,
Use much Contrivance, and the utmost
Skill ;

With

134 Miscellany Poems.

With all the Force on which poor Man relies,
 With what Machinery he can devise;
 He is not able to out-wit his God,
 Nor save himself from his vindictive Rod;
 If he resist, he at his Mercy lies,
 Flash'd into Death, or by his Thunder dies:
 We may some petty Tyrant keep in Awe,
 Chain up by Force, or fetter by the Law;
 But such a Being arm'd with so much Power,
 Who flashes Lightnings, and whose Thunders roar;
 Whom Angels reverence, Dominions, Thrones,
 And at whose Nod the whole Creation groans;
 Can no Resistance find by such as we,
 And must be honour'd, or will righteous be;
 We may to Rocks and to the Mountains cry,
 They cannot hide us from his piercing Eye;

The

Miscellany Poems. 135

The Mountains and the Rocks are in his Sight,
The Darkneſs of their Caverns clear as Light;
Where ſhall we go, or whether ſhall we run,
When his high flaming Anger is begun?
Then Exiles from our God, depriv'd of Blifs,
Sunk in the loweſt Pit, deep in Abyſs;
We ſeek for Pity, but no more remains,
But racking Tortures and eternal Pains.
You may in Honour ſhine, or here be rich,
You are but there a miſerable Wretch;
In ſenſual Pleaſures live like grunting Swine,
Eat lovely Turtles, or drink coſtly Wine;
But there no Water is to cool your Tongues;
Or quench the burning Feyer in your Lungs;
The gnawing Worm with a continual Smart,
Much like a Vulture preying on your Heart;

But

But that which aggravates the tragic Scene,
And future Punishment of sinful Men;
Must be the Company of wicked Fiends,
And such a Punishment as never ends.

Now you will think upon your dismal State,
But all your Sorrow will be over late;
What would you give to live your Life again,
To live to God and be releas'd from Pain?
But all the happy Days are gone wherein,
You might have been Repentant for your Sin;
Past as some Phantom, or a Vapour fled,
And you confin'd for ever to your burning Bed.





THE
CARE and CONCERN of our
SOULS preferable to all
other Things, and the IM-
MORTALITY of them.

To Madam DENTON at Hexham.

LETTER I.

CAN one be much in love with splendid Clay,
And think it will be still the golden Day?
Not eye the Recompence which Virtue gains,
The blissful Recompence which it obtains?

The

The Cape of Life runs narrow from the Shore,
From which we launch, and shall return no more;
The golden Out-side covers silly Sheep,
But in a little Time we plow the Deep;
The Mighty govern with despotic Rule,
And Slaves obey and dare not much control;
For all such mighty Grandeur, such must have
Their equal Portion in the humble Grave;
By Nature born of the corrupted Seed,
On them dissolv'd, the silly Worms must feed;
How will they relish it in House of Clay,
When hid from Light, and cover'd from the Day
Protracting Life is what poor Man desires,
Not thinking on the everlasting Fires;
Not on his God, not on the Things above,
Which all the Virtuous and the Blissful love;

Miscellany Poems. 139

We have a precious Soul which never dies,

But, the poor Carcase left, ascends the Skies:

The Truth the wisest *Heathens* have confest,

The *Pagan* Druid, and the *Christian* Priest,

And none deny but thro' base Interest:

The precious Doctrine some would rob us of,

The Libertines deride, and Atheists scoff;

But must stand firm as *Albion's* candid Rocks,

Unmov'd with Tempests, and abide all Shocks.

Would you but have the comfortable Ease,

The inward Comfort, and the blissful Peace;

The Comfort which the upright Conscience gives,

The greatest Comfort of our present Lives.

Would you have love and Friendship from the best,

By all the Wise and Virtuous be carest,

And in the future Generation blest;

140 Miscellany Poems.

Your Duty to your great Creator done,
Abstain from Sin, and all the Wicked shun,
When such a Number of such Sins obtains,
As never has been seen in former Reigns ;
When so much Riot and Excess abound,
Such flagrant Crimes and Misdemeanors found ;
Oppression and Injustice every where,
To wicked *Mumps-ball* down from *Westminster* ;
With racking Torments of the tortur'd Mind,
What Hopes of Comfort will the Wicked find ?
How little be esteem'd among the Wise,
But hateful as some Monsters in their Eyes,
And in the Issue miss the everlasting Prize.



OF

VIRTUE and PIETY, and the
great Care of our SOULS,
and the Immortality of them.

LETTER II.

SHALL we continue in the healthful Frame,
And always have the Lustre of a Name ;
When we lie level in the filthy Mould,
Of what avail the Silver and the Gold ?
The Gold will canker, and the Silver rust,
Such are the mighty Things wherein we trust,
The Splendor which we have will quickly die,
And leave us in the Twinkling of an Eye :

The

142 Miscellany Poems.

The painted Nothings and the trifling Things,
 May have a little Glare in Lives of Kings;
 But Virtue is the Guard which must defend,
 Which gives the Crown immortal in the End.
 Fine Fops must have their *Chocolate* in Bed,
 Thus Hogs in Sties are for the Shambles sed;
 To Masques, to Operas, the Cully struts,
 Down to Groom-porters then again he trots;
 He snores all Day, patrols it in the Night,
 The Income wasted, and a beggar'd Knight:
 Such is the Way the *British* Gallants live,
 Are we the Culprits that must Honour give?
 Perpetual Upcasts of the *British* Name,
 Instead of Honour, but *Great Britain's* Shame;
 In costly Buildings and in vain Attire
 They make the People gape, and Fools admire:

Miscellany Poems. 143

But Wisdom treasur'd in a virtuous Mind,
Is much a greater Grace to Human-kind ;
In human Figure some are Monsters born,
They *Lethè* drink, and think of no Return ;
Forget the Favours when they get their Ends,
And never think of making some Amends :
But fair *Nigella* I must not forget,
And to wise *Pancalus* am much in debt ;
The Man forgetting Favours is to blame,
It lessens much, and tarnishes his Fame ;
You heap up Riches, is not this absurd?
For one that stabs you after with a Sword ;
For wicked Daughter, or a graceless Son,
By whom hereafter you will be undone.
A mighty Monarch, as we have been told,
Suckt deep his Subjects Blood, and sav'd the Gold ;

In

144 Miscellany Poems.

In Luxury design'd to spend his Days,
But dy'd a Victim, and in soul Disgrace;
The People harraßt in Rebellion rose,
Who burnt himself to save him from his Foes:
Thus liv'd a great *Assyrian* King, thus dy'd,
And the same Fortune others may abide.





THE
Care of our SOULS and the
Immortality of them.

LETTER III.

TRaverse the Circuit of the Globe and show,
A Work so beautiful as MAN below;
The lofliest Creature God Almighty made,
Living within the solitary Shade;
Except when spotted with some heinous Crime,
He then turns Demon, that was so sublime,
The mighty Seraphs hymn the God above,
In sweetest Notes and blissful Tunes of Love;

T

In

In this low World Man is the Master-piece,
Exalts his Majesty with joyful Praise ;
Of an angelic Form: The rest look down,
And all the grov'ling Creatures seem to frown ;
The Fairest of them, and the worst of Shapes,
Fair painted Creatures, and deformed Apes ;
With Malice and with Envy mov'd, repine,
At Sight of Man, a Creature so divine !
Our Bodies are not Things of lasting Worth,
Unless by Resurrection they spring forth ;
The *Sadducees* would give a Reason why,
They say, They rot, and must for ever die ;
Except some Monsters, whom we need not name,
The Wisest own the Souls immortal Frame ;
By solid Reasons, which must be allow'd,
By Reasons which are plain as well as good ;

147 Miscellany Poems.

By fairest and the most convincing Proof,
Such as the Soul of Man's capacious of ;
They prove, inclos'd in Bodies, we have Souls,
Neglecting which Men are the greatest Fools:
No Matter moves itself in any Form,
Its the Almighty animates the Worm ;
It's God that governs and directs the Whole,
And gives to mighty Man the living Soul ;
To Think, to Reason, Argue, and Dispute,
Are Properties of Man, and not the Brute ;
They prove the Substance, but we cannot trace
The Manner how, but wander in a Maze ;
Among great Numbers gross Mistakes have been,
And blended with the Truth some Errors seen ;
In such a wretched *Babel* some may lie,
And many be deceiv'd as well as I ;

148 **Miscellany Poems.**

But when embarking on the boundless Sea,
We launch into the great Eternity,
Things will clear up and be no Mystery ;
Then will the Righteous see whom they adore,
When this frail Bark has left the fruitless Shore ;
And God will be their Comfort in the End,
The only Comfort, and the greatest Friend.



T H E



THE
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
SOUL.

LETTER IV.

I N God we live, exist, in him we move,
The Universe is founded in his Love ;
In him, at present, if we take Delight,
We hope to have the beatific Sight ;
The virtuous and immortal Soul shall fly,
And have its Habitation in the Sky ;

Where

150 Miscellany Poems.

Where free from Misery, where free from Pain,
With Saints and Angels and the heavenly Train,
It shall for ever with blest God remain.

Where is the Justice of the heavenly King,
Or has his Justice fled and taken Wing?

In vain to worship, and in vain adore,
If here the Blessing, and there is no more;
In vain to serve him and show due Regard,
If he no further than the World reward;

How small the Portion the Almighty gave,
If this be all the Blessing we must have?

Where is the Chance the sublime Creature has,
Must it be but the Burial of an Ass?

Die we like Beasts, or as brute Creatures live,
Crumbled to Dust, and no Remains survive?

Miscellany Poems. 151

He that from Nothing made a World like this,
Can make a Soul, and give it lasting Blifs;
With as much Ease give us immortal Souls,
As build the World and its two distant Poles.
Where's *Greece*? where ancient *Greece*? another
Greece,

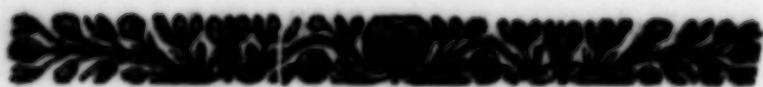
Than we have now indulging softest Ease:
What all the present *Greeks* but perfect Sots,
Indulge their wanton Ease and tofs their Pots?
Where is the former Honour that they had?
Their Case is now deplorable and sad;
In *Turkish* Bondage, and in Chains confin'd,
Have lost the Courage of the ancient Kind;
Instead of being greatly learn'd, as once,
The *Grecian* now a Numb-scuil and a Dunce;

They

152 **Miscellany Poems.**

They formerly mov'd in the highest Sphere,
Is *Athens* or *Athenians* what they were?
But *Socrates* will live, still *Socrates*,
The Honour and great Ornament of *Greece*;
The wisest Man that ever *Athens* bred,
That would have from their Superstition freed,
Instructing them in the true God alone,
And damning *Pagan* Gods of Wood and Stone;
He prov'd their Souls would evermore abide,
And in some blest or cursed State reside,
For which great Truth the Martyr bravely dy'd.





THE
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
SOUL.

LETTER V.

IN every Creature is a Stamp divine,
In every Feature and in every Line ;
What thinking Man can this great Truth withstand,
And does not own a God Almighty's Hand?
He must be surely Idiot that sees,
And does not think on this great Master-piece ;

U

Beyond

Beyond what any human Skill can show,
Or Nature with her fairest Pencil draw ;
So exquisite the Picture and so fine,
Thro' the Creation doth the Godhead shine ;
What stupid Creature can deny so fair,
A Picture drawn in such a Character ?
In little Things it's drawn as well as great,
So exquisite the Picture and so neat ;
In *Minim* small and great *Leviathan*,
As well as in the sublime Creature Man ;
The God is drawn eternal, just, and wise,
And in fair Colours set before our Eyes ;
But Man for Beauty far excels the rest,
(Excepting Angels) and is much the best ;
In Form angelic, and with Soul-endu'd,
Immortal Soul for worship of his God.

Miscellany Poems. 155

Are Heaven and Hell, great Articles of Faith,
Not Bug-bear all, and what the Scripture saith,
All silly Sham, unfit to be believ'd;
The Priests but Craftsmen, and the World deceiv'd?
Must we trust *Atbeists* and your *Libertines*,
And not give Credit to more sound Divines?
Thus *Caius* said, thus wicked *Caius* thought,
But wiser *Cato* better Doctrines taught;
Who knew better, and expos'd their Shame,
Set Things to Rights, and in a better Frame,
To the great and ever venerable Name,
That Souls and Bodies are two loving Friends,
Parting sorrowful, when Friendship ends;
The former flutter, doubtful where to go,
To a Land of Bliss, or endless Woe;

156 Miscellany Poems.

United Pleasures in the earthly State,
But now the Dust must be the Body's Fate;
But when together they shall meet again,
And have their Portion with the blissful Train;
Excepting God not one can comprehend,
But both shall meet with Justice in the End.



T H

Aldh

And



THE
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
SOUL.

To Madam WIDDRINGTON.

LETTER I.

COULD ever any equal *Adrian*,
That was so pious and so good a Man?
Altho' a Heathen when he came to die,
And had the Prospect of Eternity ;

When

When the great Gulph was open to his Eyes,
And lying on his Death-bed could not rise,
The Empire of the World could not remove,
Nor tempt him from the Object of his Love ;
The Empire which he was to leave behind,
No Pomp nor Glory of the worldly Kind ;
The Saving of his Soul was all Delight,

When his Eternity was in his Sight :

My Soul, says he, is hovering on my Lip,

And I must for my blessed God equip ;

Prepare myself to reach the azure Skies,

While on the burning Pile my Body fries.

Such was the Faith, and thus did *Adrian* live,

With Hopes of endless Comfort God would give ;

Immoveable, and firm against the Shocks

Of all Temptations as fair *Albion's* Rocks ;

Miscellany Poems. 159

Immoveable against the Fears of Death,
He dy'd with Hopes of an immortal Wreath:
Thus *Cæsar* liv'd, thus greatest *Cæsar* dy'd,
Stemm'd every Wave and every raging Tide;
Immoveable and firm against his Foes,
And with great Courage gave them Overthrows,
And not like *Nero* cruel and morose;
But with a cheerful Spirit, noble Soul,
Did conquer wisely, and as wisely rule;
In Temper sweet, and virtuously inclin'd,
And like to *Titus*, Darling of Mankind:
Such *Cæsar* was, affable, courteous, good,
And never in the highest Fortune proud;
Religion was his Aim, this gave Success,
And for his Piety the Gods did bless.

Such

160 **Miscellany Poems.**

Such as they worshipt in those Days for Gods,
Poor Idols in the Fields and lonely Woods ;
Poor Gods of Wood, of Ivory, and Stone,
And, in the Umbrage, the Eternal One ;
Worshipt departed Heros, such as *Jove*,
And Strumpets were the Objects of their Love :
Such *Venus*, *Flora*, and some others were,
But silly Strumpets tho' they might be fair.



T H



THE
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
SOUL.

LETTER II.

THE Soul abstracted from all Matter lies,
Not subject to the Sight of human Eyes;
Moves imperceptible in Sphere of Light,
And is too subtle for our grosser Sight;
Unless it come in Vehicle of Air,
But then the Sight is but exceeding rare;

X

Some

Some *Sophs* of great Authority maintain,

And fix its Station in the spongy Brain ;

The Capital of Man, from whence he views

The Foe approaching, and the Foe eschews ;

Most fit where Sovereign Reason should reside,

Becoming Guardian and our Sovereign Guide :

But others place it in a humbler Part,

And make its Situation in the Heart ;

Grand Reservoir which purest Blood contains,

In greater Plenty than in spongy Brains,

Flows round the Vessels, and drives down the

Veins ;

It may affright you with an elrish Howl,

The dismal Omen of some parting Soul ;

Sound thro' the winding Organ of the Ear,

The Deaf may listen and the Dumb can bear ;

The Being pure, an intellectual Mind,
 In Place extended, and some where confin'd ;
 But tho' the Soul a Spirit be allow'd,
 Souls are no Essence of eternal God ;
 A perfect Whimsy of some silly few,
 But wise and better Men will not allow.
 God only great and universal Soul,
 Spreads every where, diffuses thro' the Whole.
 The marble Statue ought to eternize,
 And sounding Praises lift him to the Skies,
 That first found out the Circle of the Blood,
 So useful for us and the publick Good ;
 For which all Nations ever should proclaim,
 Great HARVY worthy of illustrious Fame.
 From all Eternity a God has been,
 Thro' the Creation is his Picture seen ;

In every Atom, every Spire of Grass,
And whatsoever any Being has ;
In every Thing is shown his mighty Power,
Sprouts in the Root, and blossoms from the Flower,
It's God that veils the Night and clears the Day,
Dispels our Fears, and drives our Cares away ;
And this is he we worship and adore,
And ever wanting ever must implore.



SEVERAL
LETTERS,
OR
MISCELLANY POEMS,
ON
Different SUBJECTS.

By the Rev. *WILLIAM BEWICK*, B. A.



NEWCASTLE upon TYNE.
Printed for the AUTHOR, by *Tho. Middleton* in *St. Nicholas' Church-Yard*. MDCCLXII.

LETTERS
OF
MAGILLANY POEMS



M
A
Sir



The following

MISCELLANY POEMS

Are most humbly dedicated

To the Right Worshipful

Sir EDWARD BLACKETT, Bar.

By his most Humble

Obedient Servant,

W. B.



On



The

Joy

Vari

And



On the Death of a young Gentleman, in Imitation of the Pastoral.

To the Right Hon. my Lord *Windsor*.



Y mournful Muse in Sables clad appears,

Denies all Comfort, and commands
your Tears;

The lovely *Thyrsis*, Glory of the Swains,

Joy of the Nymphs, the Beauty of the Plains;

Veritta's Dear has left our sylvan Throng,

And weeping *Sylvia* commands our Song:

Alas!

170 Miscellany Poems.

Alas! how can we sing or touch the Lute,
Or run with nimble Fingers on the Flute ;
When lovely *Tbyrsis* is not to be seen
In shady Bower, or in flowery Green?
Adieu, *Veritta*! long adieu my Dear,
Adieu, says he, my Lovely-one, my Fair !
Adieu, *Amitta*! I have found you kind,
And *Sylvia* watchful with a tender Mind.
Young *Damon* take my Flock, and you my Lute,
And of *Veritta* took his last Salute ;
To fair *Amitta* cries he, do not grieve,
And of his weeping *Sylvia* took his Leave :
I fall not by my Foe thro' envious Strife,
But my Physicians rob me of my Life* ;

* See Dr. *Ratcliff's* Opinion of many Druggs in his Life, written, in which he tells us too many of them are pernicious to their Patients.

Miscellany Poems. 171

They nourish my fond Hopes with senseless Sham,
And poison with their Druggs my inward Frame;
Death for my blooming Youth no Pity feels,
Tho' at his Altars many fair One kneels;
My lovely *Sylvia* was ever kind,
She for the Courts of *Hymen* me design'd;
Prepar'd a Beauty of the fairest Sort,
Scarce such a lovely one in all his Court;
Amass great Riches with indulgent Care,
But as a Lily underneath the Share;
Which shines with Lustre in the fallow Field,
Is by the stupid cruel Coulter kill'd:
Thus must I drop into the silent Grave,
And lose the Life which my dear *Sylvia* gave.
What profit Riches, or fair *Hymen's* Bed,
Since in a little Time I must be dead?

Adieu,

172 Miscellany Poems.

Adieu, ye silent Shades, ye pleasant Groves,
 Adieu, ye darksome Grotts which *Cupid* loves :
 Adieu, ye fading Pleasures which attend,
 On which the Mighty, Wise, and Great depend
 Adieu, ye transitory Pleasures here,
 I go to Heaven, and hope for lasting there.
 Thus lovely *Thyrsis* fell in youthful Bloom,
 By his unhappy Fate and cruel Doom.

Thyrsis and *Damon* were a happy Pair,
Thyrsis was kind and lovely, *Damon* fair ;
 Both of them *Sylvia* lov'd with equal Flame,
 But lovely *Thyrsis* was of tender Frame ;
 Death inexorable by any Means,
 Not to be brib'd, nor sparing nearest Friends ;
 That will not be prevail'd on by our Tears,
 Corrupted by our Gifts, nor mov'd by Prayers ;

Took

Miscellany Poems.

173

Took *Thyrsis* hence, and snatcht him from the
Woods,

The Joy of Sylvans, and of Rural Gods ;

The Joy of all, but most to *Sylvia* dear,

To lovely *Sylvia*, to *Damon* fair :

In an unhappy Hour from *Sylvia* torn,

Whom youthful *Damon* and fair *Sylvia* mourn.

But Mourning will not do, all Weeping vain,

The lovely *Thyrsis* will not come again ;

To distant Fields, to happy Groves remov'd,

To cooler Shades, and which our *Thyrsis* lov'd.

Weep all ye Groves, and mourn your *Thyrsis* gone,

Deplore his Absence, and the Loss bemoan;

Deplore him every Shepherd, every Maid,

To happier Shades the lovely *Thyrsis* fled.

Z

In

In vain ye mourn, in vain the Loss deplore,
Your lovely *Tbyrsis* you shall see no more.
How comely did he trip beyond the rest,
And on the tuneful Flute he play'd the best ;
But now no more he treads the flowery Plains,
Nor plays delightful Jigs with other Swains.
Beneath fair *Eglantine* when *Tbyrsis* lay,
At Rural wakes when we kept Holy-day ;
Or underneath the Elm and spreading Oak,
How beautiful in Green did *Tbyrsis* look !
But now no more is lovely *Tbyrsis* seen,
In shady Groves, or in the flowery Green ;
No more on Mountain Tops or Dales below,
To drive the Hind, or chase the nimble Doe ;
If he among the Sylvans sat but down,
In shady Bower from the all-scorching Sun ;

Miscellany Poems. 175

In cooling Shade beset with Jessamine,
Or reacht some Cluster of the noble Vine ;
The Nymphs with Admiration him beheld,
And gave him fairest Garlands of the Field.
Weep all ye Nymphs, for *Tbyrsis* is no more,
Weep all ye Nymphs, and *Damon* now adore.
The Primrose, Violet, the Daffodil,
The Flowers growing underneath yon Hill ;
You see, young *Damon*, in the Fields below,
How fair the Blossoms, and how fine the Show :
The purple Hyacinth and Cowslip yields
A grateful Odor in the hither Fields ;
Here lovely *Tbyrsis* spent his vacant Hours,
And took Delight in gathering of the Flow'rs ;
This Lime he planted, that fair Elm below,
This pleasant Rasp whereon sweet Berries grow ;

176 Miscellany Poems.

With lily Hands in yon fair rising Banks,
 He planted lovely Pines in comely Ranks ;
 Beneath the Myrtle Tree, which *Venus* loves,
 He often pip'd, delighting in the Groves ;
 But never more will pipe, nor sit beneath,
 Remov'd far from us by the Hands of Death.
 We hear of one, the Husband of a Wife,
 With melting Notes could bring the Dead to life,
 The *Thracian* Bard, the Servant of the Nine,
 Could sing so well he charm'd fair *Proserpine*,
 The *Stygian* Majesty and all his Train,
 And brought *Euridice* to Life again :
 But this, you say, is only a Legend,
 Yet this no Fable, we have lost a Friend ;
 No more shall see him, never see his Face,
 Must never see him, never in this Place :

Miscellany Poems. 177

We may corrupt the Judges of the Land,
But Death refuses any Bribe in Hand ;
We may corrupt great Ministers of State,
But no prevailing with grim Death and Fate.
We pip'd, we play'd, we whistled, and we sung,
The Rocks and Vallies with our Music rung ;
But now no more together pipe nor play,
Nor dance nor keep the joyful Holy-day.
Weep, *Damon*, weep, and mingle Tears with me,
For we must never lovely *Thyrsis* see ;
His Eyes are clos'd in everlasting Night,
Will never see the comfortable Light:
No *Phebus* visit him with golden Ray,
Behold him muffled up in mouldering Clay ;
But write this Epitaph upon his Tomb,
Here lies much Beauty in a little Room ;

The

The Pattern of all Probity and Truth,

Whom Death snatcht from us in his blooming Youth.

The Sun goes down and dies into the West,
But lives again and rises in the East ;
With Ray repeated every Morning shines,
Tho' in the dusky Evening he declines ;
The Shepherd tir'd with watching of his Flock,
Lies on the Dew, or nodding on a Rock ;
On tender Grass bows down his weary Head,
But fresher rises from his mossy Bed :
But we shall never *Tbyrsis* see again,
Pipe on the Hill, or whistle on the Plain ;
Tho' we should weep large Cisterns from our Eyes,
Tho' we should rend the Rocks with mournful Cries.
Weep all ye shady Groves, weep leafy Woods,
Mourn all ye fishy Streams, mourn chrystal Floods ;

Weep

Miscellany Poems. 179

Weep every pleasant Valley, every Hill,
Ye bleating Flocks that wander at your Will;
No more will *Tbyrsis* drive ye to the Brook,
No more defend you with his Shepherd's Crook,
From prowling Wolf, or the devouring Beast,
That preys upon you ranging thro' the Waste:
Mourn all ye happy Nymphs that have beheld
The once dear *Tbyrsis* in the flowery Field;
The once dear *Tbyrsis* you shall see no more,
Beneath the Myrtle sit, or shady Bower:
Tbyrsis was lovely, he was your delight,
His Eyes are shut in everlasting Night;
Him *Sylvia* mourns, but Mourning does no good,
The Fate of *Tbyrsis* could not be withstood;
Young *Damon* mourns, but all this Mourning vain,
It will not bring us back the lovely Swain:

Weep

Weep all ye Sylvens, forth an Ocean pour
Of briny Tears, weep every fragrant Flower ;
Ye Lupines which with lily Hands he set,
You Scarlet-likeness, you blue Violet ;
You Flower of the Sun whose Lustre shines,
Superior much to the fair Eglatines ;
Weep every one, so lovely to behold,
Down from the Rose to the fair Marygold.

The lovely *Pfittacus*, demurely grave,
Like some fair *Indian* Prince, or royal Slave,
Suspended in his costly Cage of Wire,
Peeps thro' his Prison and does much admire
The mournful Silence of the Dining-Room,
And that his lovely Master does not come ;
By lily Hand accustom'd to be fed,
With milky Sop and the best wheaten Bread :

Alas!

Miscellany Poems. 181

Alas! the great Misfortune of the Day,
Thy Master will not come, sweet *Poppinjay*;
No more will feed thee with a lily Hand,
Remov'd far from us to another Land,
Lies cold and naked in his dusty Urn,
Will never more to *Pfittacus* return;
No more grow pleasant with thy lovely Sight,
No more thou prattle with a fond Delight;
No more regal'd by him with choicest Meat,
Thou *alamort* must die because thou wilt not eat:
Thou once wast lovely, beautiful, and fair,
Thy Feathers gone now all thy Breast is bare.
Weep wing'd Musicians of the lonely Wood,
With mournful Accents, such best understood;
With hoarsest Accents such as Sorrow speaks,
No melting Tunes, but Tears glide down the Check.

A a

Weep

182 Miscellany Poems.

Weep every Beauty of the pleasant Field,
Which once the fair and blooming Youth beheld,
The Means were us'd, but all the Medicines fail,
No *Esculapius* can here prevail ;
He bids farewell to Sun, the Moon, and Stars,
But in a better Hemisphere appears ;
Sets in a Calm, just as a Summer's Sun,
His Life was virtuous, but his Course is run,
Without Hypocrisy, Deceit, or Paint,
The truest Pattern of a perfect Saint.





THE
Handsome COUPLE;

Or the Beautiful

PANCALUS and fair PANCALA.

By Way of *EPITHALAMIUM*.

To the Right Hon. my Lord *Dunkavron*.

THE Harmony and Music of the Spheres,

The Symphony of the great Universe;

The perfect Symmetry thro' azure Skies,

The sublunary Beauties which arise

Full in our View, delight the gladsome Bard,

With which his Harmony is not compar'd:

184 Miscellany Poems.

All in such Order so exactly fit,
Point out a Building by almighty Wit;
The Saints above, the happy Ones below,
Blest with the Sight, or dazled with the Show;
Conjoining in Applaudits sing his Praise,
That rais'd the Fabrick in magnific Lays.
My Muse sings Beauties of another Kind,
The winged Boy will always Beauties find:
The wanton Archer going on his Rounds,
With golden Arrows darted Lovers Wounds,
On *Pancalus* the Wise, the Good, the Fair,
On beauteous *Pancala*, the happy Pair;
On these two Friends his golden Arrows flew,
Against their naked Breasts was bent his Bow;
No Crosses nor Misfortunes stopt their Love,
Which was decreed inviolate above.

Desce

Miscellany Poems. 185

Descend *Apollo*, and from Heaven come,
If thou for once wilt leave thy native Home ;
For sacred *Hymen* now has join'd their Hands,
And bound them fast with adamantine Bands:
Thou God of Day with thy full Lustre shine,
Descend in Company with all the Nine ;
Down from *Olympus* to the beauteous Pair,
To sing th' *Epitbalamium* on the Fair.
They say in middle *Greece* was thy Abode,
But this no Habitation for the God ;
Here only was thy Temple and the Priest,
That gave Responses when he was addrest ;
Gave forth thy Oracles by Vapours bred,
When Inspiration fir'd the foaming Maid ;
Thou happy Counsellor of upper *Jove*,
Your Chamber, *Porphyry*, the Gold Alcove ;

Among

186 Miscellany Poems.

Among the Heavenly Senators enroll'd,
Your Canopy of molten precious Gold;
Descend for once, if Gods can leave their Place,
And with your Presence give the Nuptials Grace;
Sing *Io Paan*, sing the joyful Song,
Enkindle their pure Love, and may their Flame be
long.

The Wisdom of the Man when he grows old,
But Snow for *Cupid*, and to *Venus* cold;
Of what avail the dry Platonic Flame,
To cool the Ardor of the sprightly Dame?
When in our flowery Youth, or youthful Prime,
Cupid and *Venus* have the sweetest Time;
On the bald Pate when Silver Hairs are spread,
And wither'd Limbs show Nature much decay'd,

The

Miscellany Poems. 187.

The costly Soups, the richest Julep Broths,
Indulge not half so much as flaming Youths.
In Silver Robes fair *Cynthia*, Queen of Night,
In her *Endymion* took most sweet Delight ;
Adonis lovely, with his sweetest Charms,
Was not so kind with *Venus* in his Arms ;
On *Latmos* Top when they embracing lay,
They never wisht the coming of the Day ;
The radiant God, with Roses in his Face,
Could well have wisht the fair *Endymion's* Place ;
But not his rosy Cheeks, his golden Hair,
Could with the Beauties of her Swain compare ;
His ruby Lips, and every Feature fine,
(As with the spreading Oak the Ivies twine)
Thus they encircled in the Sweets of Love,
Hid from the Sight of too malignant Jove.

Pro-

Prolifick Heat may animate the Bud,
Some Animals derive their Birth from Mud ;
But both require convenient Time to bring
Creations forth, but chiefly in the Spring ;
Without convenient Heat, convenient Time,
No Birth from Sun, no Animal from Slime ;
The stupid Being stupid must remain,
Unless from nothing Things start up again ;
Which by Almighty *Fiat* must be done,
And not by Energy of any Sun.
The Sun may be the next material Cause,
But the prime Being moves the weighty Mass.
The aged Lover speeds him to his Grave,
That bows to *Cupid*, or to Love's a Slave ;
The tempting Prospect from the vagrant Boy,
But senseless Comfort and a seeming Joy ;

Miscellany Poems. 189

Yet tempting Beauty and bewitching Tongue
Have sometimes led the silly Dotard wrong.

Beneath some Canopy of burning Gold,
Should you the mighty Sovereign behold,
With crimson Mantle splendidly array'd,
With royal Diadem upon his Head ;

The waving Scepter in his grasping Hand,

The Emblem of Imperial Command:

Thus giving Audit to some high Debate,

Of royal Embassy from foreign State ;

Would you not think the august Monarch were

Above the sneaking Figures of us here ?

Such outward Ornaments must blind Mens Eyes,

But mighty Monarchs must be ever wise,

Their outward Splendor is for this design'd,

To stamp them highest in the Human-kind:

B b

But

But *Pancalus* you need no outward Show,
What greatens others does but lessen you;
Such borrow'd Colours make your Beauty less,
You look the fairest in the plainest Dress:
The flaming Gold on which the People gaz'd,
The Vest which *Hymen* for your Trophy rais'd,
Is nothing in our View when you are seen,
Such is your Shape, so charming is your Mein.
Your *Pancala* is but another Name,
For Virtue's eccho sounding loud her Fame;
She as the Lily, you the blushing Rose,
But fragrant as the Spice when Zephyr blows.
The *Paphian* Queen arising from the Main,
With all the beauteous Sea-Nymphs in her Train
In shelly Chariot mounting up the Steep,
And leaving blushing *Titan* in the Deep;

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Miscellany Poems. 191

With silver Crescent and the orient Vest,
Such as becomes a Princess of the East ;
Her milk-white Swans amounting her on high,
And winging gentle *Venus* thro' the Sky ;
On steepy Mountains does not look so fine,
Nor in the shady Groves with Lustre shine ;
Inequal Beauty to fair *Pancala*,
Her *Pancalus* outdoes the God of Day.
The having one that is a virtuous Wife,
Must be the greatest Bliss of human Life ;
But when great Beauty joins the virtuous Mate,
The Bliss must be incomparably great ;
Such mutual Bliss is in their mutual Love,
No Bliss is equal but the Bliss above :
Such *Pancalus* ; and such his *Pancala* are,
A beauteous Couple, and a virtuous Pair ;

192 **Miscellany Poems.**

Their mutual Love began exceeding soon,
Which thro' the Circle of some Years did run;
The purest Kind of undissembled Flame,
Increasing further as it further came;
Until grown weary, *Cupid* could not fly
A higher Pitch, and *Venus* shut the Sky;
The smiling Graces came to help the Boy,
And lovely *Hymen* gave them Nuptial Joy.
May all the smiling Graces still abound,
A thousand painted *Cupids* dance you round!
May he continue still her lovely Swain,
And she the fairest Shepherdess of all the Plain!





O N
EDMUNDBYERS
I N
DERWENT-WATER.

To the Right Worshipful
Sir JAMES CLAVERING, Bart.

IN much-fam'd *Derwent-water* is a Vill,
Some of it standing on a rising Hill,
And some below towards the Southern Side,
Which from approaching Aspect Mountains hide ;
The Fields turf'd Dykes defend with Pebbles fac'd,
Some Hedge of Stakes with thorny Bushes grac'd ;
Here

194 Miscellany Poems.

Here fragrant Herbs a pleasant Verdure yield,
 There various Flowers enamel every Field ;
 Here bounteous *Ceres* sways with great Command,
 And waving Harvests fill the grasping Hand ;
 In neighbour Soil some pliant Willows grow,
 But Firrs and Pines make much the finest Show ;
 In other Grounds, as if oppress'd with Grief,
 The Aspin quivers with a trembling Leaf ;
 The joyful Palm grows for victorious Brows,
 And the smooth Ash extends her leafy Boughs ;
 Some simple Alders rise near rolling Floods,
 And waving Brooms elate with golden Buds :
 But every Shrub, and every fragrant Herb,
 Is drest in Summer with the richest Garb ;
 But like *Arabia's* Odors breathing forth,
 Proclaim their Essence of the highest Worth.

Miscellany Poems. 195

On fairest Eglantine the Roses blow,
Which spread their Damask Sheets of fragrant Snow;
Beneath our Feet soft Beds of Camomile,
Around the Daisy and the Daffodil;
The Primrose and the purple Violet,
With shining Beauties in rich Order set;
But far more sweet the Honyfuckles smell,
Which furnish *Nectar* for the labour'd Cell:
Upon the Hawthorn-Bush with thrilling Throats,
The Black-bird sitting warbles tuneful Notes;
While Men and Maids are driving on their Sheep,
Or in adjacent Grounds their Cattle keep;
Young Women humbly couchant on their Tails,
Draw forth the milky Juice in snowy Pails;
Some Children after Bramble-berries trace,
One paints Vermillion Colours on his Face;

Some

196 Miscellany Poems.

Some Lovers on the Grass sit down to play,
And wanton tumble on the Cocks of Hay.

Here lives a Company of rural Swains,
In little Cottis which scarce exclude the Rains ;
Their Corn and Hay and Cattle all their Wealth,
And tho' without much Riches have much Health,
Such on their Oat-meal Pudding hungry feed,
On Milk and Butter, or their Cheese and Bread:
But when cold Winter comes have most Relief,
From well hung Bacon, or good powder'd Beef ;
No gilded Coaches here, but Plows and Yokes,
No Lords and Ladies with their scarlet Cloaks ;
But Ruffet Gowns and Gray Coats we behold,
None with their Silver Lace or Threads of Gold ;
No huffing Bullies, nor your sparkish Beaus,
But Country Bumkins with their clouted Shoes :

The

Miscellany Poems. 197

The grunting Hog lies wallowing in the Mire,
Nor dreams of being Bacon by the Fire ;
Some squeaking Pigs with little pinking Eyes,
Lie by their grisly Mothers in their Sties ;
Some Hens to lay them Eggs, the crowing Cock,
To tell them in the Morning what a Clock ;
The bleating Sheep are beying to their Lambs,
And harmless Lambs loud blaring for their Mams ;
The heavy Ox most gravely treads the Ground,
And Kine with Lowings make the Vallies sound ;
The hobling Goose goes guarded with her Young,
And wicked Currs are barking all Night long ;
Young Colts and Fillies scamper thro' the Wilds,
Ore steepy Hills and thro' the gloomy Guilds ;
No pleasant Arbors, nor your shady Bowers,
No Books to pass away the tedious Hours ;

C c

But

198 Miscellany Poems.

But Ducks and Drakes cry Quack, Quack, all the
Day,

And in the Fountain, bathing, scud and play ;

Or gobble on the Grass their filthy Food,

Some silly creeping Snail, or ugly Toad.

A little to the West stands *Pedemfoke*,

Some call it little *London* in a Joke ;

But such a little *London* never seen,

And none rules there unless the Fairy Queen :

Down in the Bottom, with a gentle Slope,

Between adjoining Hills, runs *Bodinhope* ;

A little River, scarce to Strangers known,

Nor mention'd by an Author of Renown ;

Was never chaunted to by Shepherds Lays,

Or sung by any Poet in our Days ;

Miscellany Poems. 199

For what should they do with *Apollo's* Sons,
That have no happy Nymphs, but rural *Joans*?
And why should happy Nymphs to them repair,
They cannot live in such a foggy Air?
In which with Poverty and Grief oppress'd,
They must but live a wretched Life at best;
With chilling Cold, with Winds and nipping Frost,
Numb'd in their Limbs, and to their Senses lost:
But lasting as my Song his Fame shall grow,
White as his Alabaster Hills of Snow;
Bright as the Lustre of his Southern Sun,
And clear as his transparent Crystals run;
To which with constant Streams from teeming Hills,
Small Currents run with little tinkling Rills;
But join'd together with convenient Speed,
For Run down a little, and with *Derwent* wed;

Whence like *Meander* with a circling Line,
They fetch a Compass to the Banks of *Tyne*;
And by *Newcastle* run to *Tynemouth* Coast,
Plunge in the Seas, and are for ever lost :
Thus runs *Eridanus* into the Main,
Sinks in the Seas, and not returns again ;
The *Adriatick* Floods become his Grave,
And for his Winding-Sheet the rolling Wave ;
Commixt with Salts all languishing he dies,
And in the hollow Vault of *Neptune* lies.

When to the Southern Parts we turn our Eyes,
We see a Mountain like *Olympus* rise ;
Which underneath the Mansion of the Gods,
Exalts his misty Head in bluish Clouds :
Thus did the *Titans* with their hundred Hands,
With Military Force, with armed Bands,

The

Miscellany Poems. 201

They boldly fought to storm the Realms above,
Whirl down the Gods, and crush the mighty *Jove* :
So he with towery Head, and proud Disdain,
Seems to defy the vast etherial Plain ;
Thus to invade Heaven's Realms and rule alone,
And tumble mighty *Jove* from off his Throne.
The Mountain *Totterbill*, but for the Name,
I cannot well inform you how it came ;
An ugly Mountain, with a horrid Face,
Where grows no Corn or Hay, and little Grass ;
Scarce Tree, or Shrub, or Bush, or any Thing,
But ugly Hather, and more ugly Ling ;
Where some few Sheep and Cattle you observe,
To wander hungry up and down and starve ;
A barren Soil, but where there are no Mines,
But a fit Colony for Palatines.

Here

202 Miscellany Poems.

Here noxious Creatures live and Birds of Prey,
And whirring Cocks in Summer Season play ;
Some Gleeds and Hawks, and Herrinsoughs and
Rooks,

And bladder-headed Otters from the Brooks ;
Some Serpents in the Ling and ugly Toads,
And filthy Creatures have their dire Abodes ;
Upon the Edge do many Maukins breed,
Which in their fruitful Fields and Vallies feed :
A little down, as Vessels in their Docks,
The Fox and Badger lie entrencht in Rocks ;
Upon the Brow stand almost constant Fogs,
With Flodders in its Lap, and dangerous Bogs ;
No House, scarce Harbour, no Inhabitant,
All desert-like, and of a vast Extent,



ON THE
CHURCH of INGRAM,

The Charitable
PANCALUS,

And the Happy
CORVINA.

TO UTRICK WHITFIELD, Esq;.

THERE is an old and venerable Pile,
And many such are in the *British* Isle ;
Upon the River *Breme* the Fabrick stands,
That proudly looks and views the distant Lands ;
With

204 Miscellany Poems.

With Sides of mossy Hue and mouldy Green,
It looks at distance with an awful Mein ;
A little down upon the Portico,
Some Summer Plants for *Esculapius* grow :
Within it seems a huge extended Cave,
Such as the Kings of *Egypt* us'd to have ;
When after Death affecting to be great,
They liv'd in Grandeur, and would lie in State :
Upon the Roof the Starlings lift their Voice,
And little Sparrows make a chirping Noise ;
The Swallows fly and round the Concave move,
And wheel about to meet the She's they love :
Here frightful Owls and other Birds of Night,
Have their Recourse, and shun the hateful Light ;
The gentle Doves by cooing show their Fires,
And prattling Daws address their jetty Sires ;

Some

Miscellany Poems. 205

Some Walls surround it, but in Ruins laid,
And scarce hold in the Remnants of the Dead ;
No *Cypress* Trees stand o'er the sacred Busts,
With languid Scents to stanch the foetid Gusts ;
But ancient Thorns and shrubby Elms grown old,
And wither'd Hollies blasted with the Cold ;
On humble Basis stretches forth and shrouds
A lofty Top high in the wandering Clouds ;
Which bowing Hills salute on every Side,
And flowing Streams down in the Bottom glide ;
Where little wanton Fishes sport and play,
And running jump to catch the flying May.
Thus *Gallie* Sails to *Englisb* Castles bow,
As they sail by and thro' the Ocean plow ;
While joyful Dolphins, Monarchs of the Main,
Peep smiling forth to see the watery Train.

Upon the Banks hard by the Silver Streams,
The Shepherds bask themselves in sunny Beams;
With *Coley* by them, and the humble Crook,
(*Coley* the happy Guardian of the Flock)
With little Meat supply'd, but well enough,
If they abound with their beloved Snuff;
But herein differ from the Ladies much,
They care not for the *Spanish* but the *Scotch*;
The Larks and tuneful Linnets round them sing,
And all the Birds that usher in the Spring;
The Black-birds whistle on the thorny Bush,
But sweetest Notes come from the gentle Thrush;
The little Wrens among the Hedges churn,
And craking Quails make Music in the Corn;
The Goldfinch tunes her Notes from Poppy-heads,
And nought but Music in the flowery Meads;

Miscellany Poems. 207

The Cuckows raise their Voice with much ado,
And still the Burden of their Song *Cuckow* ;
And Bittournes with a drumming hollow Sound,
Salute them every Evening from the Pond ;
Some have brown Bonnets, Plads, and Wooden
Shoes,
And some for Hose and Breeches, *Irish* Trowze ;
And on the fragrant Turf bow down their Heads,
And spread their lazy Limbs on grassy Beds ;
While fleecy Herds go bleating thro' the Plains,
The Wealth of Shepherds, and the Joy of Swains ;
And lowing Cattle feed on bowing Hills,
And with their Lowings shake the trembling Rills :
Here lives a Friend, the happy *Pancalus*,
Sober and good, and a severe Recluse ;

208 Miscellany Poems.

With Learning richly fraught and every Grace,
 The happy Flamen of the sacred Place ;
 With his *Corvina*, always to him dear,
 He crowns the Day, and beautifies the Year ;
 And his *Corvina* loves him as her Life,
 But happy Husband makes the happy Wife.
 Here when the Tide of Fortune turns me down,
 And makes me sick and weary of the Town ;
 (For there is nothing firm and constant here,
 And all our Comforts as the fleeting Air ;
 The Wheel of Fortune lifts you to the Top,
 Then sinks you down, and mounts another up)
 Then I direct my Course to *Pancalus*,
 O'er many Hills and Dales, and thro' the Moss ;
 Thus *Pancalus* receives me with a Smile,
 Says he, You must be weary, rest a While.

Among

Miscellany Poems. 209

Among the Tribe of *Levi* no such Priest,
So good and kind as *Pancalus* the best.
Unhappy Town, where Bustle, Noise and Strife,
And all the Plagues of *Egypt* vex our Life ;
Where Envy and ill Nature sow their Seeds,
And Mischiefs roar as Thunder on our Heads ;
Where Waves on Waves come rolling on apace,
And Surges rise and dash you on the Face.
Detracting Tongues move round the painted Board,
And liquor'd Females kill with ev'ry Word ;
And what is more, the simple motley Crew
Must arm their winged Spight, and kill you too.
Who can withstand the roaring Multitude,
And arm against the high and mighty Mob ?
They pull the mighty Monarch from his Throne,
And make him wander where he is not known ;

Not

210 Miscellany Poems.

Not only many great, but many wise,
Have felt their Shock, and fain a Sacrifice ;
Little avail the Virtues of your Mind,
With them that are by Nature deaf and blind ;
Prayers and Tears and every Thing is vain,
You may condole your Fortune and complain ;
It will not do, they like a Tempest roar,
And sink you deep before you come to Shore.
Unhappy Fate ! what shall we be at last ?
The moving Lot into the Urn is cast.
Thou Land of *Egypt*, whence black Seers come,
Acquaint me with my Lot, and fix my Doom.
With *Pancalus* we live another Life,
Sober the Word, and Love the only Strife ;
Soft and easy we pass the Hours away,
Serene and cheerful as the Flow'rs of *May* ;

Miscellany Poems. 211

Corvina bows, and *Pancalus* all Smi'e,
No Pair so happy in the *British* Isle.
Detraſting Tongues are not permitted here,
None envies others with malignant Air.
Kings may enjoy their Crowns, and Monarchs
 reign,
And Royal *George* command the ſurly Main.
We do not envy *George* and all his Pride,
And live more happy by this Water-Side.





A LETTER to the Rev.

Mr. ALGOOD,

Rector of INGRAM.

By Way of Address to our Gentlemen that are
of the highest Rank, to be gentle and easy to
them that are under their Authority.

YOU much superior, and in high Esteem,
By due Appointment of the wise Supreme

High in your Zenith, like fair *Phebus* shine,

Before he to the Western Seas decline ;

While we below with Admiration gaze,

And burn with Envy to behold the Blaze :

Sub

Miscellany Poems. 213

Sublimely station'd in your highest Orb,
To rule us softly, and with gentle Curb;
Enjoying every Thing Men can require,
And what the most Ambitious would desire;
While we with Wonder so much Splendor view,
But pay you Veneration which is due:
But is it not unfair with cruel Pride,
To be insulting when you ought to guide?
To be the Tyrants whom no Laws control,
When you with gentle Sway should People rule?
We have a Sovereign, the best of Kings,
The best of Sovereigns is the best of Things:
A mighty Sovereign and of great Command,
Has mighty Subjects in a warlike Land;
We may be fearless under such a Reign,
Should babling *France* join with romantic *Spain*.

A great Example is of mighty Force,
If it be good, but otherwise a Curse;
You love the Preacher having on his Robes,
The sacred Messenger of holy Gods;
But without Virtue is no Friend of mine,
Should he in Sattins preach, and make his Sermons
fine;

I would not value him in his proud Dress,
His Sattins little, and his Sermons less;
When what they do runs counter to their Words,
It little Comfort to my Soul affords;
Their ill Examples influence us more,
And have than all their Sermons greater Power;
We cannot credit well what such shall say,
Preach they like Saints, or as the Angels pray.

Miscellany Poems. 215

We like poor Monkies strive to imitate
Men of high Fortune and a great Estate.
Such high Ascendents with extensive Power
The Simple and the Ignorant adore.
But may I never follow simple Crowds,
Nor copy over much the wooden Gods ;
But with the Friendship of the Wise be blest,
And copy Virtue's Pattern which is best :
Fair Virtue's Pattern we must all approve,
And they that are the Wise will ever love.
Before the Dunghil Cock throw down a Gem,
With mingled Grains of Corn of small Esteem,
Neglecting that he soon will pick up them.
Among the greatest I have often been,
And both the good and ill Example seen :

The

216 Miscellany Poems.

But you my learned Friend have always set
The best of Patterns I have ever met,
The Pattern which I never shall forget.
This Copy, Sir, I set before my Eyes,
And copying after you I always shall be wise.



SEVERAL

SEVERAL
LETTERS,
OR
MISCELLANY POEMS,
ON
Different SUBJECTS.

by the Rev. *WILLIAM BEWICK*, B. A.



NEWCASTLE upon *TYNE*.

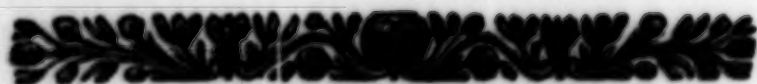
Printed for the Author, by *Tho. Middleton* in St.
Nicholas' Church-Yard. MDCCLXI.

LETTERS

OF

GENERAL POLICE





T O

STRUTHER CARR,
of Fowberry, Esq; HIGH-
SHERIFF for the County
of Northumberland;

The following

MISCELLANY POEMS

Are most humbly dedicated

By his most Humble,

Obedient Servant.

W. B.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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ESTHER C. A. R.

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SWEARING.

To the Rev. Mr. *Andrews*.

LETTER I.



AMONG the many Sins which we must

own

Infest the Country, and corrupt the

Town;

By which we must confess we are profane,

Is taking God Almighty's Name in vain.

When thus we take an Oath, and rashly swear,

We do not well consider what we are.

Should

222 Miscellany Poems.

Should God Almighty take you at your Word,
And for your Sin draw forth the flaming Sword;
Should he but thunder down the heavenly Poles,
When swear so much, and damn your precious
Souls ;

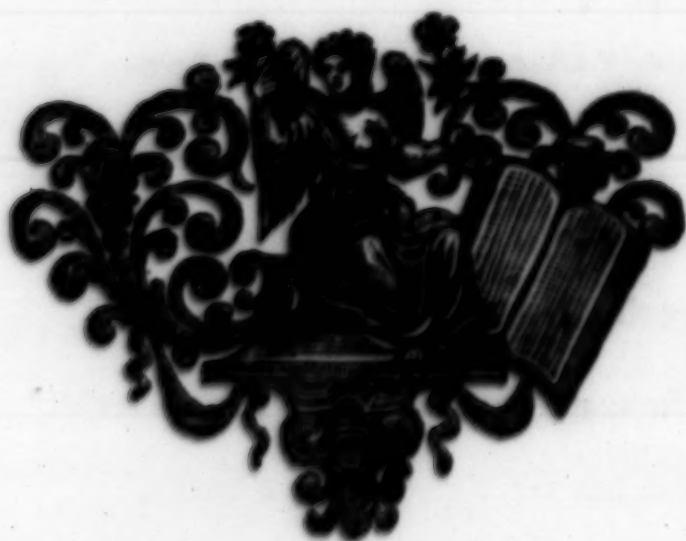
What could become of such dependent Things,
When the Almighty humbles greatest Kings?
In divers Cases Oaths may be allow'd,
But common Swearing never can be good.
In Things momentous and of high Debate,
To take an Oath before a Magistrate,
To put an End to some litigious Cause,
Is not forbid by any of our Laws :
But then with much Sincerity and Truth,
We must not violate, but keep the Oath :

Miscellany Poems. 223

It is a solemn and most high Appeal,
To him from whom we nothing can conceal ;
To bear us Testimony we do not lie,
And wish if guilty we may wretched die.
So dreadful is this Sin when Oaths are broke,
And Men perjure themselves in what they spoke ;
For which Almighty God can punish soon
The guilty Man, as he has often done.
What is his Character ! what is his Faith !
When none will credit him in what he saith ?
An honest Man will sooner be believ'd,
Then he that swears and often has deceiv'd.
No Man but willingly avoids a Snare,
But few the Sins where great Temptations are :
We must not too much in ourselves confide,
But walk by Wisdom, and make Virtue guide.

We

We oftentimes with Disappointments meet,
When we endeavour to be rich or great;
But should we much more by our Swearing gain,
Then ever any did, or could obtain;
It would be still the wisest Part to shun
The swearing Office, if it could be done.



SWEAR.

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SWEARING.

To the Reverend Mr. *Andrews.*

L E T T E R II.

WE cannot Moral Good or Ill reverse,
But may deplore just Judgments with our
Tears ;

Whereon almighty God has stamp't his Coin,
Here we admire, but must with Wisdom join.
Great Mischiefs on the Wicked and Unjust,
From the Almighty spring, and not from Dust ;
Without Conversion we are all undone,
All guilty found, and Judgment has begun.

G g

Q u

226 Miscellany Poems.

Our common Swearing such as calls aloud,
And threatens every Punishment from God,
The Trembler in Sincerity exceeds,
But with his Alms the Brethren only feeds ;
His Oath is *yea* and *noy*, but much the same,
And by our Law but an equivoc Name ;
But when he comes before the Magistrate,
He should not too impertinently prate ;
Give me an honest Man, and I am sure,
And always safe, if I myself am pure ;
But he that deals unjustly in his Word,
The wicked Man by none deserves Regard.
Had *Greece* but known the Treachery of one,
That nodded from the *Macedonian* Throne ;
Would such a mighty State have suffered Wrong,
And have permitted Injuries so long?

The

Miscellany Poems. 227

The Traitor never valu'd what he said,
But broke his Oath, and would be still obey'd :
The Royal One, intolerably base,
Despised Right and lovely Virtue's Praise ;
But happy is the Man whose Ways are right,
And can endure the Comfort of the Light:
Our Wickedness is but a secret Work,
And must in some obscure Apartment lurk ;
Which *Philip* found, if Authors do not ly,
Tho' quietly allow'd himself to die ;
Severely punish'd in the Royal Line,
With heavy Judgments from some Hand divine ;
Some very much the wicked Father blame,
And say, their great Misfortunes all from *Philip*
came.



SWEARING.

To the Reverend Mr. *Andrews*.

LETTER III.

WHAT is forbid by God we must not do,
Tho' we should swear, and make a solemn
Vow ;

The Law that comes from such a Sovereign,
Comes with Authority, and must obtain ;
Unless we have a Purpose to contend
With the Almighty, and our greatest Friend :
But if we had so villainous a Mind,
To such a Patron this would be unkind ;

This

Miscellany Poems. 229

This with the God Almighty would not do,
But must determine in your Overthrow ;
With much Sagacity and greatest Wit,
Men apprehend not often what is fit ;
The lawful and unlawful them divide,
They undetermin'd are on either Side ;
Suspend their Judgment waiting for Sky-Light,
And hover doubtful till they settle right ;
But when right Reason settles, 'tis a Sin
Not to determine fully, and begin :
Much like a Vessel with the Rudder lost,
Amids some whistling Gale in Billows tost,
Man is unsteady, often at a Stand,
But should be firmly fix'd to God's Command.
The Case is evident we must be good,
By which all Piety is understood,

We

We must not bow to Idols, tho' of Gold,
Tho' they should prove most lovely to behold ;
Will you be one of *Baal's* wicked Priests,
Pour Incense forth, and make him sumptuous Feasts?
Altho' his Image makes a goodly Show,
It is but Idol still to which you bow.
To vow a Thing which Nature disavows,
To keep a Mifs, and be forbid a Spouse,
This no divine or human Law allows.
To vow to be a Hermit or a Monk,
When we are in so much Corruption sunk ;
To vow to be an Abbess or a Nun,
To kiss with *Father*, and to bear a Son ;
Such Wickedness must tingle in^r our Ears,
When such a perjur'd Villain vows and swears.

Such

Miscellany Poems. 231

Such Things are contradict'ry to our Sense,
But silly Priests can with the Law dispense,
And give Indulgence if you have but Pence.

With the true God it is another Thing,
The Thing is plain, There is a heavenly King;
There is one Being, and there is no more
That Worship claims, whom only we adore;
Why further tempts the *Babylonish* Whore?



SWEAR.



SWEARING.

To the Rev. Mr. *Andrews*.

LETTER IV.

WHEN such a holy God is so abus'd,
And such a dreadful Name is so traduc'd,
On such a Villain nought can be severe,
Vow what he will, if he profanely swear ;
Some heavy Judgment on the wicked Head,
The perjur'd Man may very justly dread,
For having no Regard to what is Truth,
And without Rev'rence to a sacred Oath.

The

Miscellany Poems. 233

The God that is in all his Actions just,
The mighty God in whom the Holy trust ;
Tho' Justice seems to fly with tardy Wing,
Will in due Season to a Reck'ning bring ;
For no Impediments ly in his Way,
To do his Will on them that disobey ;
Almightiness can no Resistance find,
From feeble Creatures of the human Kind ;
Which all the Guilty will one Day confess,
And call for Pity in their great Distress ;
And if the Day of Pity is not past,
Will find much Pity from their God at last.
How dare we our Creator to profane?
How dare we take his holy Name in vain?
Among the *Jews* it was a wicked Thing,
To use *Jehovah* thus their heavenly King ;

The mighty Men, the highest and the best,
Not one amongst them but the holy Priest ;
Allow'd to name *Yebovah* once a Year,
But none amongst them durst profanely swear.
Among them was a Sect of great Renown,
They with their Character bore others down ;
Exceeding sober and exceeding plain,
And justly did their Character maintain;
Exceeding honest, and exceeding just,
And in whose Word you might securely trust ;
A peaceful quiet Sect, and liv'd alone,
They had no Wives, so chaste they needed none ;
The Lie was hateful, hateful was the Oath,
They had a great Respect to sacred Truth ;
In other Things we cannot much commend,
Which should we do, we could not well defend ;

Miscellany Poems. 235

They would not swear in Things of greatest Weight,
To do themselves or do their Neighbours Right ;
The State conniv'd at them, as Tremblers here,
Of whom in *Judab* the first Patterns were.



H h 2

SWEAR.



SWEARING.

To the Rev. Mr. *Andrews*.

L E T T E R V.

WITH Whims the Poets often lead us wrong,
And captivate us with some silly Song ;
By customary Law and our Consent,
They have a Royal Patent to invent ;
With Tropes and Figures they come off with Ease,
And can do much and often what they please ;
But cannot do what contradicts all Sense,
A Thing superior to Omnipotence ;

The

Miscellany Poem. 237

They cannot make a Pink or Gilliflower,
A Thing impossible with all their Power ;
Can they turn happy Day to mournful Night,
Or dismal Darkness into beauteous Light,
Or can they wash the *Ethiopian* white ?
Can they dispense with Oaths and wicked Vows,
Which never were dispens'd with by the *Jews* ?
The Gods themselves, if Gods there be that dwell
In Starry Regions, or in lowest Hell ;
If any swore by *Styx* and *Acheron*,
The Rivers that with Streams of Sulphur run ;
And broke the solemn Oath which they had swore,
Must never come to their Assembly more ;
They drank no *Nectar* in the Realm of Gods,
Nor on *Ambrosia* fed in high Abodes.

Were

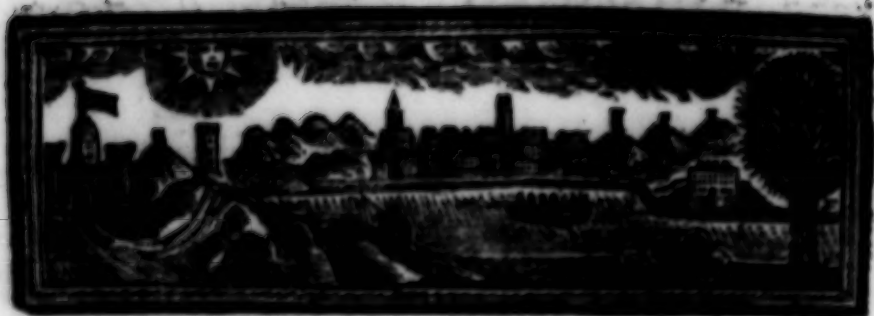
Were exil'd from them for a certain Time,
With grievous Penance for the hateful Crime:
Among the Pagans in the worst of Days,
When Idols rival'd God with equal Praise;
To what they worshipp'd, to what they bow'd,
To their own handy Works call'd out aloud;
To punish them in every Thing they did,
If they swore any Thing that was forbid;
When *Chans* and *Emirs*, or when any one,
Leagu'd with the Great *Mogul* or *Prestor-John*;
If they should break the League that was indorst,
They wisht themselves most heavily accurs'd;
If they were guilty of enormous Wiles,
From *Colchis* unto *Crangan*, many Miles,
They swam among devouring Crocodiles;

Miscellany Poems. 239

To vindicate themselves from sinful Charge,
They swam such dangerous Rivers deep and large ;
Among them Swearing had so small Esteem,
And Perjury they did so much condemn.



CONSCIENCE.



CONSCIENCE.

To the Rev. Mr. WESTAL, Rector of *Symondburn.*

L E T T E R I.

THE Satisfaction of a quiet Mind,
Which they that have an upright Con-
science find ;

The inward Comfort and the solid Joy,
(Which never any Tyrant could destroy ;)
Is more than Silver in the Mountains wrought
Of rich *Potosi*, and from *Indies* brought ;
The greatest Blessing which was ever given,
By the eternal Governor of Heaven ;

Above

Miscellany Poems. 241

Above your Gems, and all such trifling Things,
The Glitter and the Majesty of Kings ;
Transcending Dignities of purple Gowns,
Of sacred Miters and your pearly Crowns ;
Grant me this Blessing, I shall ask no more,
I'm rich enough, tho' you should think me poor :
You may for me seek Friendship from the Great,
The Prince make you prime Minister of State ;
Your Honour sound from scorching East to West,
And I be indigent and much oppress'd ;
The inward Peace and Safety of my Soul,
Makes me superior to the Great *Mogul* ;
When Virtue is one's Guard, his Conscience pure,
When God and his eternal Kingdom sure,
Ascertain'd to him by a special Grace,
What Joys abound of reaching such a Place ?

242 Miscellany Poems.

But when chain'd down to Lust and every Vice,
Chain'd down for ever, and can never rise ;
Ten thousand Furies rack the tortur'd Breast,
On Silken downy Beds he cannot rest ;
Hell moves before him in a flaming Urn,
And with an inward Flame his Soul must burn ;
Tormenting Fiends all dress'd in horrid Guise,
In sable Colour move before his Eyes ;
In dreadful Shape, with frightful Countenance,
They move before him but to drag him hence ;
Despair sits on him with a silent Gloom,
And rage with Prospect at his frightful Doom ;
Much like a troubled Sea he cannot find
Peace to himself, nor Comfort in the Mind ;
Reflection on his State but makes him worse,
With thinking on the future dreadful Curse.

CON



CONSCIENCE.

LETTER II.

YOU fondly cheat yourself with Hopes of Bliss,
Not knowing whence deriv'd, nor where
it is ;

The Disposition and the inward Frame,
Creates your Comfort, or confounds with Shame ;
Hence comes the painful Wound that will destroy,
The Balm distill'd of true and lasting Joy ;
In your last Moments when your Glass is run,
And Thread of Life is by the Sister spun ;

244 Miscellany Poems.

When ready to give up the wandring Breath,
And you must needs submit to grizly Death ;
Your Vessel just a launching from the Shore,
Would you not give a thousand Worlds and more,
To have Heav'ns Kingdom and your Souls secure ;
When Death before you stands with horrid View,
And you must bid the World a long Adieu ;
An Hour-Glass by him with the sinking Sand,
To mow you quickly down a Scyth in Hand ;
Before an awful Judge you cannot shun,
Not drawn by Favour nor Corruption won ;
A guilty Conscience as a God within,
Accusing and condemning you of Sin ;
In painful Agonies and racking Pains,
Agast with Prospect of the future Flames ;

Would

Miscellany Poems. 245

Would you not give a thousand Worlds to be,
At such a Juncture of *Jerus'lem* free?
But all that can be done will not prevail,
Except you use the certain Means, you fail;
Nothing that is polluted or unclean,
Was ever in the *New Jerus'lem* seen;
There beamy Ardor, there perpetual Shine,
The Ether pure, the Heav'ns all Chrystaline;
There Saints and Martyrs have their fix'd Abode,
The happy Mansion-seat of blessed God;
There dwell the Virtuous, all the Just and Wise,
All perfect Enemies to hateful Vice;
But how can spotted Lepers there appear,
Among the Virtuous and the heav'nly Fair?



A good CONSCIENCE.

LETTER III.

NO *Roman Caesar* ever was so blest,
As he that has this Empire in his Breast ;
With utmost Satisfaction he may live,
With greater Pleasure than the World can give ;
A pure and upright Conscience on his Side,
The surest Comfort and the safest Guide ;
But when invading Sin usurps the Throne,
The Peace of Mind and inward Comfort gone ;

Sin

Miscellany Poems.

247

Sin by Degrees becomes a heavy Load,
By the just Judgment of almighty God ;
Permitted by him, but was never lov'd,
Yours was the Choice, but always disapprov'd ;
Increasing by Degrees, until at last,
You were made Slaves, and in the Fetters fast :
With much ado we keep the Conscience down,
Doze it with Sleep, or in good Liquor drown ;
When in our wanton Youth and flow'ry Prime,
We never think offending God a Crime ;
But when awaken'd from the drowzy Sleep,
By some impending Tempest of the Deep ;
When he Affliction or some Trouble sends,
Or us deprives of some endearing Friends ;
With watery Eyes we then look up to God,
And cry, Ah Fools ! to serve *Beelzebub* :

Distress

Distress is the best Medicine one can find,
To cure a wicked and distemper'd Mind :
Thus *Cyrus* said, this you acknowledge true,
And so must every one as well as you.

What Frenzies of the Mind, and freakish Airs ?
What Dreams of Greatness mount us to the Stars ?
But high above or seated much below,
In *Egypt's* scorching Sun, or *Friezland's* Snow ;
A Man that has his Conscience void of Crime,
In every Country, under every Clime ;
Beneath *Bootes*, or the rigid *Bear*,
Beneath *Orion*, or the weltring Sphere ;
In every Nation underneath the Sun,
In the World's Centre, or where World's begun ;
In every State of Life he lives secure,
And rests contented, tho' his Life be poor.



A good CONSCIENCE.

L E T T E R IV.

THE greatest Blessing any Man can have,
Or which he can of the Almighty crave;

The best of Gifts which never will him leave,

The surest Guide which never can decieve;

The only Thing on which we can rely,

Is a good Conscience when we come to die.

May every one into its Counsels dive,

Examine well if he by Virtue live!

A Life contrary must be all amiss,

Nought but Enthusiasm and Distraction is:

K k

Call

250 Miscellany Poems.

Call it not *Conscience* by fond Whimfies led,
It's well inform'd and up to Virtue bred ;
Square all your Actions by the certain Rule,
Or you are but a Madman, or a Fool ;
By sacred Scripture be your Actions try'd,
The certain Standard, and the perfect Guide,
Which must the great Dispute of Souls decide.
When simple Pilots by wrong Compass steer,
They rush on Danger when no Danger fear ;
To sinking Sands and splitting Rocks betray'd,
With cheating Fires by faithless Pirates made ;
But when their Vessels by due Compass sail,
On Canvass Wings, and with a whistling Gale ;
They to the Haven most securely drive,
And with rich Cargoes safe at Port arrive.

The

Miscellany Poems. 251

The upright Conscience will direct us right,
Will bring us to the Mansions of Delight:
But O! the Thing seems but a hollow Sound,
The upright Conscience seldom to be found;
It dwells not at the Court, no Prince's Care,
Is exil'd thence, or like some *Phenix* rare;
A wand'ring Thing, or like some *Polish* King,
That has the Title, but must want the Thing:
If any where you meet the welcome Guest,
It must be in some Cell, or private Breast;
In rustic Vill, or some poor Country Cot,
Some dark Apartment, or the silent Grot;
Astræa like has long been sought in vain,
Was banisht Towns, and will not come again.
But happy is the Man whose Soul speaks Peace,
The Blest in all Lands, is happy on all Seas;

252 Miscellany Poems.

Is happy on all Seas, blest in all Lands,
 In *Afric's* Deserts and on *Lybian* Sands ;
 He walks securely on the Banks of *Nile*,
 Dreads not the all-devouring Crocodile ;
 Amids the ravenous Wolves and savage Bears,
 Amids the greatest Dangers nothing fears ;
 Secur'd by his own Innocence and Truth,
 Dreads no Hippotamus nor Behemoth ;
 No Monarch of the Wood nor of the Main,
 The pawing Lion, nor Leviathan ;
 If he be on the Continent or Coast,
 On stormy Seas or rolling Billows tost ;
 Beneath the scorching Sun, or frozen Pole,
 Where Seas run low, or where high Mountains roll,
 He walks securely in the virtuous Road,
 Regards his Soul, and still observes his God.

CON-



CONSCIENCE.

L E T T E R V.

That Sinners may not sin without Controul,
But have a constant Curb upon the Soul;
For wilful Breach of every great Command,
The Conscience kindles like a flaming Brand ;
By some almighty Being great and wise,
Some dreadful Enemy to hateful Vice ;
Accusing and condemning us of Sin,
Like some good Guardian Angel plac'd within ;

Thus

Thus at the Dome where the great Monarch dwells,
The Watch is set, or stand some Centinels ;
Lest Ruffians come to plunder or abuse,
The mighty Monarch, or the royal House ;
We cannot, if we would, the Danger shun,
We are not able from ourselves to run ;
Take Opium, if you please, or cut the Line,
Intoxicate yourselves with Punch and Wine ;
The torturing Conscience wounds the inward Parts,
And settled there transfixes bleeding Hearts :
We often value Tinsel more than Gold,
But seldom do our Duty as we should ;
We may, like Hypocrites, ourselves disguise,
But ly not hid from the Almighty's Eyes.
When *Herod* had his *Mariamne* slain,
Tho' *Mariamne* could not live again ;

By

Miscellany Poems. 255

By Day affrighted, restless in the Night,
His murder'd Queen was always in his Sight ;
Impartial Conscience wounds the greatest King,
And, when transgressing, leaves a pungent Sting ;
Give me the Reason why the Monster fled,
Beneath the Shelter of his golden Bed ;
Why did *Caligula* so often fly,
When Thunders roaring thro' the cloudy Sky ?
Was it the Thunder and the mighty Noise,
Or was it not the great Almighty's Voice ?
When Conscience wounds him and his Sins enslave,
What Comfort can the greatest *Cæsar* have ?
In Spirit tortur'd, wounded in his Mind,
But little Satisfaction can he find.
The *Roman* Emperor *Tiberius*,
Knew all the little Tricks that Statesmen use ;

The

256 Miscellany Poems.

The greatest Craftsman in the *Roman* State,
And with refulgent Empire few so great ;
Yet still complain'd he of his troubled Breast,
And in the Weight of Empire was distressed ;
For weighty Reasons, such as these, we must
Revere the Conscience, and be always just ;
Thus we may live serene, and never sad,
With much more Comfort than great *Cæsar* had.



The



The Care of Souls to be the
main Concern, and prefe-
rable to all other Things :

In a LETTER to

WILLIAM COULSON of Jef-
mond, Esq;

UNLESS a Man by Commerce be refin'd,
Or Moral Virtues early form his Mind ;

The Prints of Nature soon will be eraz'd,

The Image and the human Stamp effac'd ;

Corruptions grow insensibly as we grow ;

And fluent Streams from sudden Vices flow ;

L. 1

As

258 Miscellany Poems.

As when some Seeds have formerly been sown,
Or beautiful and fragrant Blossoms blown ;
Unless the Weeds are rooted up or kill'd,
They on a sudden overbear the Field ;
Thro' Want of Culture, or some other Want,
They kill the Flower, or destroy the Plant :
But sacred Virtue having what is due,
From the small Number, but the wiser few ;
With Zeal encourag'd, cherish'd with Esteem,
With the fair Promise of a Diadem ;
What is it but the Duty of the Wise,
To rate the Purchase, and secure the Prize?
The Sun withdraws himself behind a Scene,
Unwilling or ashamed of being seen ;
But thro' the waving Cloud emits his Ray,
By which he forms the comfortable Day ;

But

Miscellany Poems. 259

But in a little Time retreats from Sight,
Submitting to the dusky Shades of Night.
Fair Virtue which we call the Moral Good,
When in its tender Growth and early Bud ;
Which lies conceal'd and dormant in the Soul,
And every one must own for beautiful ;
The Source from which our Future Goodness flows,
And happy Man to his Perfection grows ;
Must be extinguish'd with Sin's baneful Taint,
And with the Sinner will commute the Saint.
Poor painful Gardeners bow on the Spade,
And with hard Labour sweat till Evening Shade ;
With utmost Care they cultivate the Ground,
Entrench with Fosses, or they fence it round ;
They prune the Trees where Boughs luxuriant grow,
Intent on every Thing which Gard'ners do ;

The flow'ry Blossoms on high Branches rise,
And with rich Incense scent the ambient Skies ;
Thro' distant Fields the fragrant Odours spread,
And with sweet Incense fill the flow'ry Mead ;
But big with Expectation to enjoy,
Some sudden Blast does all the Fruit destroy.
There's nothing here on which we can depend,
All human Things have but a doubtful End ;
The Comforts transient as the fleeting Air,
And hardly worthy of our slender Care ;
The choicest Friends may leave us in our Need,
But Death hangs hovering over every Head ;
What is it swells the silly Man of Clay,
Makes him exult so much, and look so gay,
That cannot for himself prolong one Day ?

The

Miscellany Poems. 26¹.

The Silver-hilted Tilter on his Side,
The Feather on his Cap, the Peacock's Pride ;
The bushy Bob, all powder'd white as Snow,
The Cover of an empty Scull below ;
The Man a Beau, but such the Tailor made,
With splendent Tunic, and the rich Brocade ;
As wealthy *Cræsus* he much Riches has,
And loaded with, as *Apuleius* Ass was ;
Or with illustrious Ancestors does shine,
To *Bourbon* down from the *Merovian* Line ;
A Man of Freedom, but of fluent Strain,
And pats the Pavement with his Gold-head Cane ;
A mighty Genius, and of subtle Wit,
In Drama skill'd, and can each Humour hit ;
Delighted much with, An it please my Lord,
And when with humble Cringe you touch the Board,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd when you him a mighty Statesman call,
Like pamper'd *Fleury*, the old Cardinal ;
For Things like these the Man is upwards born,
Poor Slaves may honour, but the wise Men scorn :
We soon shall die, but quickly be forgot,
And they but fleeting Things on which we dote ;
What will they profit us when we are gone,
And ly conceal'd beneath the Marble Stone ?
Are these the mighty Things on which Man dotes ?
He dies To-morrow, and his Carcass rots ;
Before To-morrow he may have no more
Than *Irus* had, and *Irus* was but poor ;
Our Pomp will all be bury'd in the Mould,
And we have no Advantage from the Gold ;
Our Friends will not remember us in Clay,
When hid from Light, and cover'd from the Day :

Our

Miscellany Poems. 263

Our Heirs will live according to their Mind,
And spend, it may be, what we leave behind ;
How great a Fool's the Miser when he spares,
To leave much Substance for his wanton Heirs ?
Could he, poor Man, behold them with his Eyes,
How much they spend in Harlots and the Dice ;
How would the Sight be grievous to his Soul,
That he was such a Miser and a Fool ?
But you, my honour'd Friend, will be more wise,
And more intent upon the heavenly Prize ;
The truest Worth is Virtue in the Soul,
Which will exalt us when we reach the Goal ;
Which will remain when Time will be no more,
Abides your Comfort in the further Shore ;
By this when human Lives are fairly plan'd,
We need not fear to reach the happy Land ;

The

264 Miscellany Poems.

The happy Land, where we shall ever rest,
From Troubles free, of every Joy posselt ;
Where Storms shall cease, and no more Tempests
rise,
And we be ever blestful in the Skies



Of



Of PIETY and religious WORSHIP due to Almighty GOD.

To Madam WIDDRINGTON.

THE Martyr dies with Comforts of a Crown;
The Wicked dies but fears his heavy
Doom ;

The latter with a Vizard veils his Face,
The first supports himself with heavenly Grace ;
They both must die but die contrary Ways,
To bitter Owlings this, and that to endless Praise.
If we are by the great Almighty made,
The utmost Veneration should be paid ;
The Primitives ador'd on bared Knees,
Thus *James* the Just, his Zeal did so encrease,

M m

Unfil

266 Miscellany Poems.

Until like Camel's Hoofs his Knees were hard,
By often praying and so often bar'd.
The best among us Imperfections have,
For which we pardon and Forgiveness crave,
From him that only true Forgiveness gives,
With all the Comforts of our present Lives;
No Pardon seek from some of little Sense,
Themselves want Pardon which they would dispense;
There's One that pardons, and there is no more,
Can they indulge you and wipe off your Score?
Your Piety and Alms will do more Good,
Thro' your Redeemer and his precious Blood.
They say in *Egypt* (which is mighty odd)
A Cat was worshipt, which they made their God;
The *Roman* Name was then in mighty Vogue,
But *Romans* worshipt neither Cat nor Dog:

The

Miscellany Poems. 267

The Gypsies danc'd, they sung (they worship thus) }
 With many antick Tricks went round the Puffs, }
 Their silly Cat had rather had a Mouse ;
 A *Roman* Stranger much incens'd thereat,
 For thievish Gypsies worshipping a Cat,
 Much wiser thinks himself, and ridicules,
 And calls them silly Fellows, wicked Fools;
 With which incens'd, they could not be withheld,
 By King, nor Nobles, but the *Roman* kill'd ;
 'Such impious Zeal is often in the Mob,
 They worship any Thing, and call it God ;
 Among some Christians it is much the same,
 They worship Gods the wiser blush to name ;
 Sweet Incense smokes, rich waxen Tapers shine,
 Their Temples and their Altars seem divine ;

They

268 Miscellany Poems.

They have tall *Jesuites* for Grenadiers,
And little Mendicants drive up their Rears ;
In Veils their Nuns, Capuchins in their Cows,
The latter like our ruin'd Abbeyes Owls ;
The Amber Image moves, a gallant Shew,
But you no *Roman* if you do not bow,
And, prostrate, worship as the others do.
The worthy Dignitaries with sumptuous State,
Eat from the Gold, and drink in precious Plate ;
Their Cardinals and Abbess keep at the Court,
Or in rich Palaces have grand Resort ;
They neither preach nor pray, but are excus'd,
And the inferior Clergy hardly us'd ;
With Choice of handfom Ladies, fairest Nuns,
Their Churchmens Dainties, and for Princes Song.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
M U S I C K,

In a LETTER to Mr. JAMES
CARR, Student in the Uni-
versity of OXFORD.

By the Rev. *WILLIAM BEWICK*, B. A.



NEWCASTLE upon TYNE.

Printed for the AUTHOR, by *The. Middleton* in St.
Nicholas' Church-Yard, MDCCLII.



M

W

E



To the Incomparable

Madam *B L A C K E T T*,
the happy Partner, and vir-
tuous Consort of that true
Patriot and Friend of his
Country,

W A L T E R B L A C K E T T, Esq;

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT for the Town
and County of *Newcastle upon Tyne*,

The following

ESSAY on *MUSICK*

Is most humbly Dedicated

By W. B.



I

T



B

Y

A



MUSIC,

By Way of LETTER,

To Mr. JAMES CARR, Student
in the University of OXFORD.



If you uneasy be, to set you right,
A little Music may be often fit :
To Drinking some incline, when
something sad,

But this, instead of easing, makes you mad ;

You soon relapse into your former Ways,

And seeking Comfort, meet with more Disgrace :

A Rattle for the Child, or tender Young,
But something more diverting is the Song ;
When something in the Suds or something mute,
Take up your Fiddle, or strike up the Lute ;
But if on Instruments you cannot play,
Cheer up with Song, and sing a Roundelay ;
With Arms extended Empiricks on Stools,
Must draw together many gaping Fools ;
They promise much the never-failing Cure,
To them that any Malady endure ;
But for some Ailments Music oft is found
A better Cure than any they propound ;
Music the noblest and the best of Things,
Such as the *Philomela's* when she sings,
And hymns at Even on the yielding Spray,
While savage Beasts are couchant for the Prey ;

Music,

Miscellany Poems. 275

Music, the Blessing of the circling Stars,
The sweetest Harmony of rolling Spheres ;
The lasting Blessing in the heavenly State,
And without which our Comforts are not great ;
Of which are divers Sounds in different Kays,
But that which pleases most is *Dorias* ;
Not wholly fashon'd for Theatric Shows,
To please some simple Cits or witle's Beaux ;
For Entertainment of your noble Guests,
Or Decoration of your gorgeous Feasts ;
But something higher by the Song design'd,
To calm the Passions of the furious Mind ;
By which in Rapture, and extatic Zeal,
A Kind of present inward Heaven we feel ;
And great and noble Sentiments impress,
Of lovely Virtue in the human Breast.

To

276 Miscellany Poems.

To live in such a wretched Vale of Tears,
 And be encompass'd with so many Fears,
 With Troubles from without and them within,
 From dreadful Apprehensions of one's Sin;
 Must make the wisest Man alive complain,
 And wish to be deliver'd from his Pain;
 For which no Remedy like Musick proves,
 Such as the Whistlers sing in happy Groves.
 Music our Darling and great Favourite,
 Music both Sinners and the Saints Delight;
 Delight of God's immortal Dwelling high,
 As well as mortal Men below the Sky;
 Some from the *Lydian* or the *Pbrygian* have,
 More Pleasure than the Music that is grave;
 The Countryman unmindful of his Sleep,
 Is better pleas'd in keeping of his Sheep;

Beneath

Miscellany Poems. 277

Beneath some Willow's Shade in Summer-Day,
On the green Hill to see his Lambkins play ;
Than from bewitching and enchanting Tongue,
To hear the sweetest fairest Female-Song ;
Some cannot well distinguish what is fine,
Know what is Shade, or where the Pictures shine ;
Their Constitution of such ill Compound,
They do not apprehend the sweetest Sound ;
But People that have Taste and Senses right,
In tuneful Music must have true Delight.

In different Men may different Tempers be,
But what you fancy must not humour me ;
With some the Military Tune agrees,
But others gentler Airs will better please ;
The Fife may be diverting unto some,
The warlike Trumpet and the noisy Drum ;

O o

Some

278 Miscellany Poems.

Some more delighted with the sober Flute,
The pleasant Cittern, or the melting Lute ;
All Persons are not of an equal Mind,
But some all Fury, and the fiery kind ;
When *Alexander* hears the Trumpet sound,
With Joy he quivers on the trembling Ground ;
No sooner does he hear the Martial Blast,
But claims the Foe, and marches forth in Haste ;
With Helmet on, and Truncheon in his Hand,
And fir'd, he does his Warlike Steed demand ;
But would you play some grave and sober Tune,
The Man grows grave and sober, sits him down.
To give to Music what is fairly due,
Is much beyond what any Man can do ;
So great the Value, and so much the Worth,
We want the Colours which can paint it forth ;

With

Miscellany Poems. 279

With all the Eloquence and shining Wit,
We cannot give such Honour as is fit ;
We may attempt it with what Skill we can,
But much beyond the Compass of the Man ;
The Entertainment needs but little Cost,
Which, if not every one, may please the most ;
At Royal Domes the grand, the solemn Thing,
The happy Entertainment of the King ;
Among the Nobles honour'd at their Feasts,
The greatest Honour which they give their Guests ;
At glad Espousals, when the blooming Pair
Begin their mutual Comfort, mutual Care ;
The Friends and youthful Couples chiefly come,
To hear the Fiddlers play, the Pipers hum,
Music the greatest Pleasure of the Mind,
By which our brutish Manners are rein'd ;

Musick, by which, from Ignorance reclaim'd,
And from our Sins unworthy to be nam'd;
The silly Ballad-singer's dirty Trull,
When she is mounted on her Cricket-stool,
With Voice alternate to her bowsy Mate,
Is more attended, and with greater State,
Than elevated Ladies at the Court,
When their lac'd Footmen bow in modish Sort.
To picture Monkies with their uncouth Shapes,
And paint the Figures of your *Indian Apes*,
Requires some Art, to paint the Manners more,
We love true Painting, but the Song adore.
May ancient *Pauso* be of greatest Note,
And the much-celebrated *Polygnott*,
The former for his statuary Skill,
The latter favour'd for his painting well;

With

Miscellany Poems. 281

With me sweet Music is to be preferr'd,
With me to Music nought can be compar'd;
Wise Nature's Harmony, the human Voice,
The Lyres or Organs most melodious Noise.

Unseufferable the Crime when you traduce,
And give no Honour, but blaspheme the Muse;
Descending from the happy Gods above,
Some say from *Mercury*, but some from *Jove*;
By either Side of an immortal Line,
Chuse which you will, the Muse is still divine:
Perhaps the Rude and Ignorant may blame,
But they unworthy of the human Frame;
They must be Persons of refined Parts,
That fully understand the lib'ral Arts:
Can silly Asses understand the Lyre?
They cannot understand, but may admire,

How

How melting is the Music that is made,
From the high Summit of yon loud Cascade;
With several Instruments that sweetly play
Their different Notes upon a different Kay?
To tune sweet Instruments and sweetly sing,
And understand them, is no easy Thing;
Altho' wise *Socrates*, as we are told,
Both sung and sweetly play'd when he was old.
Among the Instruments the Pipe is thought,
The very worst, not worthy to be bought;
The Airs are something wild and overlewd,
Consume the Health, and for the Lungs not good;
Fit only for some silly Shepherd's Boy,
That cannot otherwise his Time employ,
That uses it to keep himself from Sleep,
And from the Wolves to save his harmless Sheep;

Miscellany Poems. 283

Apollo's tuneful Pipe with gentle Airs,
Expels your Troubles and diverts your Cares ;
An Instrument of truly ancient Date,
And sometimes used in the *Roman* State ;
To calm domestic Heats, and inward Broils,
And keep the Citizens from mutual Spoils ;
But sweetest Concerts are the highest Kind,
With sweetest Melody affect the Mind ;
No melancholy Vapours of the Brain,
No aching Heart is found, no inward Pain ;
With nimble Fingers, and the gentle Touch,
The Numbers and the Harmony is such ;
All Pleasure reigns within, and Virtue rules,
And universal Rapture fills your Souls.
Weigh'd down with Sorrow, and oppress'd with Grief,
Where can we seek for Comfort and Relief ?

284 Miscellany Poems.

In quest of Riches some with eager Care,
Fatigue themselves, but always needy are ;
Drawn by Allurements of a wandring Lust,
Or gilded Nothings which vain Honours boast ;
Till endless Shades come on, some meanly strive,
And seek for Comfort, but still wretched live ;
The weary Life protract that is not long,
Without Diversion, but in happy Song ;
Excluding which, the Burden of Man's Life
Is pregnant Mischief, and licentious Strife ;
And Passions raging with impetuous Tides,
A Sea of Troubles beating on your Sides ;
Such is the Mundane Life, when at the best,
A Scene of Troubles, and no Pause of Rest ;
For which great Kings have thought in former Days,
And some great Heroes Music no Disgrace ;

To

Miscellany Poems. 285

To which fam'd *Alexander's* Love was such,
His Father, tho' unjustly, blam'd him much ;
As if his Time in Music were too long,
As too much skill'd in Fiddle and in Song.
Music the Semblance of the Bliss above,
Which tunes Mens happy Souls to what they love ;
Music the best of Comforts that are here,
Which enters by the Organ of the Ear ;
And raises pleasant Sentiments of Things
In him that hears, or plays, or sweetly sings ;
Name what you can that will divert you more,
Can Remedy the Hyp, or Vapours cure ;
Why Judgment giv'n but to discern the Voice,
Which is the rough, which the harmonious Noise ?
By him that has the universal Rule,
By him that is all Harmony, all Soul ;

286 Miscellany Poems.

The Faculties of th' intellectual Mind,
For this by the Almighty were design'd ;
That we who live all sorrowful may know,
And have some little Comfort here below ;
And not be in continual Sorrow drown'd,
But sometimes eas'd by the harmonious Sound.
Should you with shining Eloquence declaim,
And with gay Oratory Music blame ;
Would any to your Sentiments submit,
Or be prevail'd on by your shammy Wit,
To have a mean Opinion of the Thing,
Or think it were preposterous to sing ;
Fatigu'd by Study and excessive Pains,
Music diverts us by its melting Strains ;
When by some great Misfortune you are griev'd,
Music is that by which you are reliev'd ;

With

Miscellany Poems. 287

With Cares perplex'd, or Troubles sore oppress'd,
Music the Thing by which we are releas'd ;
Music the best of Things the World can show,
Almost the only Comfort here below ;
You see yon Shepherd on yon shady Grove,
Repuls'd by the fair Object of his Love ;
Where his *Belinda* flying from his Arms,
Runs to another, and unveils her Charms ;
Unmindful of the Lover's Sighs and Tears,
And all his Complaints, which she relentless hears,
Let him desist from Sighs, nor much complain,
But give her Scope, and she returns again ;
If she prove stubborn, turn away your Eyes,
Disdain as much as she does you despise ;
If still unmindful of your mournful Tale,
Strike up with Song like the sweet Nightingale ;

288 Miscellany Poems.

Divert yourself with chearful Roundelay,
Or with the tuneful Pipe begin to play ;
Succesful oft this Way has Music been,
And cur'd the wounded Lover of his Spleen ;
Not that all Music always is approv'd,
But divers Sorts by divers Humours lov'd ;
Some love the Pipe, the Tabor much admire,
But some the Dulcimer, and some the Lyre.

For many Reasons which we need not name,
The Pipe was formerly of evil Fame ;
The Instrument of Lewdness and of Sin,
Destroy'd the Lungs, and brought Consumptions in,
With such a strict Compressure of the Breath,
The melancholy Cause of sudden Death ;
Which when observing where it had been us'd,
How great Corruptions had been introduc'd ;

In

Miscellany Poems. 289

In order to prevent their wretched State,
That thus they might not grow emasculate,
Lycurgus gave his Subjects strict Command,
They should not use it in the *Spartan* Land ;
Which notwithstanding seems a little odd,
The first Inventaer should be thought a God ;
Be so much worship'd by *Tegean* Swains,
For his sweet Music in *Arcadia's* Plains.

Another Sort of People much admire,
And have a Veneration for the Lyre ;
A tuneful Instrument, which we are told
Was ev'ry where respected much of old ;
The sweetest Music ev'ry one allows,
Excepting only when we give Abuse ;
In which *Themistocles* took no Delight,
This Instrument was not his Favourite ;

It was too soft for any martial Toil,
Which did the Courage of the Hero spoil ;
For which by the ignoble Multitude,
The noble Hero was thought over rude ;
In Manners unpolite and some thing base,
And with the *Persians* held in some Disgrace ;
Their Way of Living being delicate,
And not agreeing with the martial State.

By Nature wisely made and well design'd,
Some love one Music some another Kind ;
But why should Men command us what they please,
And force upon our Wills what disagrees ?
The Music which with me bears greatest Sway,
Is the sweet Music on the Holy-day ;
When in the sacred Temple we rejoice,
With cheerful Song and a melodious Noise ;

When

Miscellany Poems. 291

When we give Glory to our God on high,
With *Hallelujahs* peeling thro' the Sky ;
Here we such Raptures and such Pleasures feel,
As Saints and Angels that in Heaven do dwell.

Your wanton Airs are an Abuse of Song,
Which but seduce and lead the Silly wrong ;
They make him walk contrary to his God,
And turn the easy from the upright Road ;
In crooked and ungodly Paths he goes,
Contrary to the Duty which he owes ;
He cannot save himself with all his Wit,
But headlong down he falls into the Pit ;
But when the pleasant Melody is made,
Sung by the Voice, or by the Organ play'd ;
In solemn Manner in some sacred Place,
And, as is meet, we give *Jehovah* Praise ;

292 **Miscellany Poems.**

In pleasant Numbers and the artful Sounds,
In which the sweetest Harmony abounds,
With how much ardent Zeal must we break forth,
His Praises sing, his Glory and his Worth ;
His Glory sing that made us to exist,
Who gave us every Thing with what is best ;
His Glory and triumphant Praises sing,
That gave us Breath and every other Thing ;
Exalt his Worth, with Glory be on high,
To him the Master of the starry Sky :
Such is the Harmony which we despise,
In which the lovely Path of Virtue lies ;
What Fools are they that blame the heav'nly Song,
The Hallelujahs from the blissful Tongue ;
With Hearts and Tongues unite in giving Laud
To him that is the great and glorious God.

How

Miscellany Poems. 293

How happy were those Times when, as one says,
One could not walk into the public Ways;
But he must see or hear some round about,
Some in the Fields, some in the Woods devout;
Some at their Prayers kneeling on their Knees,
Or singing Psalms when pruning of the Trees;
When driving on the Wain, or at the Plow,
Devouter much than any People now;
With Bibles in their Hands, Heav'n in their Looks,
Or reading some religious godly Books;
Instead of which we only now can hear,
Great Murder-Oaths, and neither Psalm nor Prayer.

Because some make a wicked Use of Song,
And wanton Airs may lead the Silly wrong,
Is Song the Fault, or must we Music blame,
Which still will have a venerable Name?

294 Miscellany Poems.

Excluding wanton Airs from Music's Grounds,
Nothing can equal its melodious Sounds ;
Things of the greatest Worth may be traduc'd,
And Men of fairest Characters abus'd ;
But must the Wise and Virtuous want Esteem,
Because the Vitious or the Worst contemn ;
Or Music suffer in its Character,
Because, perhaps, you want a tuneful Ear ;
With you it may no Entertainment find,
With some enflames Devotion in the Mind ;
A true Devotion, such as can be known,
By the fair Trial of the Mind alone ;
Devotion, which is much the best of Things,
And the chief Ornament of greatest Kings ;
To which no Crowns can equal Comforts give,
Nor any Splendour with which Courtiers live.

When

Miscellany Poems. 295

When *Nero* set resplendent *Rome* on Fire,
And sweetly sung to the resounding Lyre ;
With an inhuman Pleasure overjoy'd,
To see the fair Metropolis destroy'd ;
The fairest City which the World could boast,
Sunk into Ruins, and in Rubbish lost ;
Her Beauty gone, and into Ashes turn'd,
With Joy abounding for what others mourn'd ;
Must we to *Nero's* Song the Thing impute,
And not the Inclinations of the Brute ?
The Inclinations which might well become
The wicked Man that ript his Mother's Womb ;
The wicked Man that was *Rome's* greatest Curse,
And made a *Roman* Consul of his Horse,

With how much Swiftneſs feather'd Creatures fly
Thro' Cryſtal Regions and the Silver Sky ,

296 Miscellany Poems.

How bend with Nimbleness and upwards soar,
And thro' the airy Countries make their Tour ;
By simple Instinct mov'd, and nought beside,
Untaught by Art, and Nature only Guide ;
We cannot but admire with great Delight,
To see them how they wing their upper Flight ;
But when they whistle with their melting Strains,
In shady Forrests or in verdant Plains ;
The Music that they make exceeds all Tongue,
And nothing so delightful as their Song :
The human Voice is admirably sweet,
But nothing but the Concert held complete ;
When the sweet Tenor, Treble, and the Base,
And every Thing is in convenient Place ;
All duly temper'd by some skilful Hand,
That does the Grounds of Music understand.

The

Miscellany Poems. 297

The People underneath the scorching Sun,
Believe their Youth by Music is undone ;
The wicked vagrant Crew of *Egypt's* Soil,
Are of Opinion it does Manners spoil ;
For which they curb it with their penal Laws,
And gravely judge, they have sufficient Cause ;
But you must show yourself extremely dull,
A perfect Cockscomb with an empty Scull,
If sweetest Music to you fairly tim'd,
Excite not lovely Virtue in your Mind.
When *Orpheus* tun'd his Lyre the Forest rung,
The Savages attended to his Song ;
The Sovereign Gods of Rivers stopt their Floods,
The Sylvans listen'd in the shady Woods ;
The Queen of Hell, *Proserpina*, was glad,
Grim *Pluto* pleas'd, and Joy toucht every shade ;

298 Miscellany Poems.

Euridice return'd again to Life,
And *Orpheus* took Possession of his Wife;
But looking backward, of his Love afraid,
Forgetful of the Promise he had made,
With wishful Eyes to see his lovely Fair,
She vanish'd with a Sigh to fleeting Air;
No more to be his Joy, no more return,
But left him to deplore her, and for ever mourn.

The Knowledge of a Man is much confin'd,
And Error common to the Human-Kind;
Conducted by a Mist, and with a Cloud,
We often must mistake the narrow Road;
External Blandishments have such a Sway,
They lead the silly senseless Man astray;
Imperial Reason stript of her Command,
And all our shining Virtues at a stand;

What

Miscellany Poems. 299

What can we do bewilder'd in this Maze,
But view with Pity and with Wonder gaze?
To see ourselves so sinful and so frail,
To see and not be able to prevail :
Such is the fleeting Scene in which we live,
Which does small Prospect of much Comfort give;
For which no Cure like Music can be found,
Of instrumental or of vocal Sound,
Should you behold some miserable Wretch,
All helpless lying on yon sandy Beach,
Must you not pity and his Case deplore,
To see him naked on an unknown Shore?
Such our Condition is by wretched Fate,
Doom'd to the Owlings of our present State;
In fearful Expectations of a worse,
If not prevented by a timely Course.

When

300 Miscellany Poems.

When poor *Arion* was on stormy Seas,
Where savage Mariners do what they please;
The wicked Crew would have *Arion* slain,
Had not he stept into the wat'ry Main;
The silly Fishes much more kind then they,
Came round about him having heard him play;
They view *Arion* ready to be drown'd,
Delighted much with his harmonious Sound;
View poor *Arion* and his trembling Lyre,
And much his tuneful Instrument admire;
But when they see the rolling Surges come,
And threatning Waves to be *Arion's* Tomb,
One of them much more loving than the rest,
Disdains to see him with the Waves oppress'd,
The royal Dolphin always well inclin'd,
And to the human Species ever kind;

Comes

Miscellany Poems. 301

Comes to his Aid as if by *Jove's* Command,
And sets him safe upon the distant Strand ;
Thus he return'd to *Lesbos* once again,
Sav'd by a Fish from drowning in the Main.

When *Quintus Fabius* and great *Scipio*,
Saw Statues of their Friends, dead long ago ;
They say the Statues of their Ancestors,
Inspir'd the noble Heroes for the Wars ;
They call'd to Mind the Dangers they had run,
The great Exploits their ancient Sires had done ;
With high Ambition flam'd to do the same,
And purchase Honour and immortal Fame.

External Images fair Thoughts imprint,
Like splendid Gold come lately from the Mint ;
In worthy Minds will fair Ideas raise,
Of lovely Virtue and becoming Praise :

R r

When

302 Miscellany Poems.

When the external Splendor is beheld,
We cannot but with Admiration yield.
Should you with Ravishment see the Devoirs,
Of pious Christians in our sacred Choirs ;
Or hear us in our Temples when we sing,
And give due Glories to the highest King ;
With how much Order and sweet Harmony,
We worship the immortal Majesty ;
Would not some sudden Thoughts in you arise,
And set the greater Bliss before your Eyes ;
Then call to mind what Saints and Angels do,
How sweetly sing, and much more humbly bow ;
With greater Ardor worship God above,
With better Order, and more lasting Love ;
Sometimes Confusion happens in the Throng,
But this no Fault of Music, nor the Song ;

Some-

Miscellany Poems. 303

Sometimes we do not well attend the Sound,
And in the noisy Tumult Sense is drown'd;
But such Mistakes we easily may mend,
If to our Duty we but well attend.



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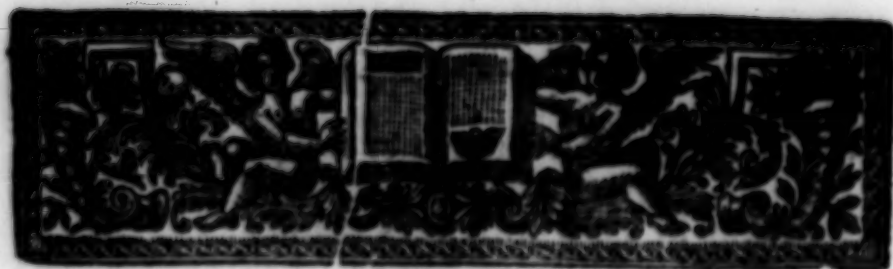
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T H E

Tyrannic Reign, or unhappy
Condition of Despotic Rule
and Arbitrary Government,
such as that of FRANCE and
SPAIN.

In a LETTER to
Madam W I D D R I N G T O N.

W A S ever such another Monster born,
As wretched *Nero* was to overturn
The mighty Empire which so long had stood,
Cemented firmly with the *Romans* Blood ;

Embroid

306 Miscellany Poems.

Embroid the People in their Civil Wars,
And set their Chiefs together by the Ears ;
To make so many Provinces revolt,
From such a Monster by his single Fault ;
He burnt the Capitol with Flames of Fire,
Which other Nations did so much admire ;
He stain'd the Temple, spread the Pavement o'er,
The Marble Pavement with their Blood and Gore ;
He put an End to the *Cæsarean* Line,
Esteem'd so great, so mighty, and divine ;
Destroy'd the City in a Funeral Pile,
As fair as great *Augusta* in our Isle ;
To put an End to Mischief and to Strife,
As weary of his savage wretched Life ;
He stabb'd himself, the most becoming Thing,
Which might adorn him, for which *Rome* might sing ;

Scenimus

Miscellany Poems. 307

Scenius would have done it, but his Slave,
Tricking the Master, would the Villain save ;
The Poniard which *Melichius* rightly gueſt,
Was ready to be plung'd into his Breſt,
Preserv'd the Victim, and secur'd the Beast :
Such *Nero* was, but Plenty had of Wit,
Such flaming Wickedneſs did he commit ;
With greateſt Artifice he did cajole,
And got *Sabinus* to the Capitol,
And unawares entrapt him in his Toil ;
Secur'd with Subtilty the mighty Man,
The darling Brother of *Veſpaſian* ;
With all the *Flavian* Race he fairly ſet,
And unawares secur'd them in his Net ;
His wicked Tools attending on his Call,
With cruel Sword and Fire deſtroy'd them all ;

Re-

308 Miscellany Poems.

Regardless of their Moans, their Pray'rs and Tears,

Such Pity have the Tygers and the Bears,

But ended by his Death their future Fears:

Such was the worthless Tyrant's worthy Fate,

The Curse of all his Subjects and their Hate;

But *George* commands with gentle easy Sway,

And loving Subjects chearfully obey;

By Law he rules, no arbitrary Will,

And we in Duty all his Laws fulfil;

The great and mighty *George* now holds the Rein,

And will command poor gasconading *Spain*,

While *Norris* and Duke *William* rule the Main.

CALUMNY



CALUMNY.

To Mr. *Wilkinson Kirfop*.

TO Paint this Monster as it ought to be,
Requires much finer Strokes than come
from me ;

The worst of Vices common in our Days,
We lessen others, thus ourselves disgrace ;
My Life and Reputation is my Due,
And why destroy'd by such a one as you ?
I am *True Briton*, where no Tyrant reigns,
But sacred Monarchs in the happy Plains :

310 Miscellany Poems.

The best of Persons commonly have met
With this uncivil and unhandsom Treat :
Thus fell at *Athens* *Socrates* the wise,
Thus *Laus* among ourselves a Sacrifice ;
Both study'd how to do their Country Good,
Both were oppress'd by the unruly Mob ;
To charge such virtuous Men whose Character
Is spotless as the Sun, as Crystal clear ;
With Faults unknown, behind the Back, unseen,
To wound their Fame, is dastardly and mean ;
With Shew of Friendship to be thus betray'd,
When no Defence can to the Charge be made ;
Than such an Evil, nothing can be worse,
Such Persons worthy of the greatest Curse ;
But we ourselves are often much to blame,
Give just Pretence to wound another's Name ;

Miscellany Poems. 311.

In Tittle-tattle take so much Delight,
We give Encouragement to show their Spight ;
The Make-bate whispers something in my Ear,
With Joy I listen, and with Comfort hear ;
It is some Fault committed by my Friend,
And in a Calumny the Tale must end ;
The Matter as a Secret is conceal'd,
And I in long and strange Suspense am held ;
At last breaks forth, You have been injur'd long,
Your Friend a Traitor with a double Tongue ;
I wonder how he can abuse you thus,
And treat his Friend so rudely as he does ;
Then he begins most furiously to rail,
And I persuaded with the wicked Tale ;
Grow angry till the growing discord Flames,
Not to be quench'd with all the Water in the *Thames* ;

On Velvet Leaves and Blossoms of the Trees,
On fragrant Flow'rs thus Caterpillars seize ;
Thus spiteful Spiders by an Ambush draw,
The gilded Insects to their wicked Maw ;
Till in *Alembic* as by *Alchymy*,
The piteous Creatures are enwrapt and die.



CALUMNY



CALUMNY.

To Mr. *Wilkinson Kirſop.*

THIS Serpent's Temper of the Viper's Brood,
Whose spreading Vcnom taints the Maſs
of Blood;

With baneful Calumnies and forged Lies,
Depraves the Virtuous and degrades the Wiſe;
To have an Antidote againſt ſuch Scorn,
Who would not wiſh *Monoceros* his Horn?
The Unicorn they ſay is ſeldom ſeen,
But has an Antidote againſt the Spleen;

The

The bitter Gall an Emblem of this Vice,
 Was taken out before the Sacrifice ;
Wise as the Serpent, harmless as the Dove,
 The Christian Motto, teaches Christian Love ;
 We all contend for Value and Esteem,
 And the most vicious would most virtuous seem ;
 But far from this we one another tear,
 Devour like hungry Wolf and shaggy Bear.
 I would not value much the vulgar Vogue,
 But would be on my Guard against a Rogue ;
 I am bold *Briton* and no Courage lack,
 Wound me before and not behind my Back.
 Would you have Honour seek to be approv'd,
 By such as virtuous are and well belov'd ;
 By the Judicious, tho' in Number few,
 And not the motly and the senseless Crew :

Thus

Miscellany Poems. 315

Thus will your Glory with true Lustre shine,
As does the Sun in the prependicular Line ;
Thus with the Sons of Wisdom on your Side,
You steddily stand against the raging Tide.
I love an open but a legal War,
If you have Courage shew it if you dare ;
The Multitude is like a Hurricane,
Which whirling with much Fury thro' the Main,
Sinks feeble Barks of the inferior Form,
But large and better built out ride the Storm.
To be facetious merits greatest Praise,
But mingled Scandal must the Friend abase ;
The wicked Blite destroys the hopeful Grain,
And makes the painful Plowman's Labour vain ;
The fading Blossoms show the frosty Morn,
The Bushes bar'd of Leaves the Canker-Worm ;

The

316 Miscellany Poems.

The fawning Hypocrite fair Angel seems,
But *Astroites* like points fiery Beams:
You must be born and bred in *Billingsgate*,
Or have some Custer-woman for your Mate;
Or feed yourself with rich Ragouts of Snails;
Whose wicked Ingenie so far prevails.



